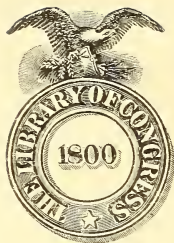


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AROUND THE WORLD WITH JACK AND JANET



BY NORMA R. WATERBURY

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A Boy of the Desert.

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AROUND THE WORLD WITH JACK AND JANET

A STUDY OF MISSIONS
BY
NORMA R. WATERBURY

Issued by
THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE ON THE UNITED
STUDY OF FOREIGN MISSIONS
West Medford, Mass.

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VERMONT PRINTING COMPANY, BRATTLEBORO

APR 14 1915

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new Apr 24 '15

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INTRODUCTION



Each boy in the class is Jack and each girl Janet, and each is to keep a note-book, which will be a diary of the trip. The note-books are not to be used in the class, but to be kept for home work. Jack and Janet may like to illustrate their diaries with drawings or appropriate pictures cut out of magazines. They may collect post-cards of their travels or the teacher may distribute the set of cards as prizes for the best diaries. It would be interesting if Jack or Janet should appear before the class in the costume of the country they are visiting. They might also bring curios.

The boys and girls may have books and read the lesson at home, answering the questions from memory in their diaries, or the teacher may read the lesson aloud, the

class being cautioned to listen attentively, in order to be able to answer questions, as soon as she has finished. After the questions have been answered orally, a copy should be given each boy and girl, to help remind them of what they are to write in their diaries.

The teacher may ask the class to bring in to the next meeting all the additional information possible about the country just visited. She may call on certain ones to read their diaries and to show their pictures. There should be a geography lesson at each meeting. The route may be traced by a ribbon, attached to the wall map and pinned at the places visited. Jack and Janet should each have an around-the-world ticket, to be punched for attendance. There should be a Tourists' Bureau of Information. The boys in charge of it should wear red badges, their duties being to receive written questions and to see that these are answered at the next meeting. The class should be encouraged to learn the poems.





Photograph by N. R. Waterbury.

Street Scene in Cairo.

TRAVEL

I should like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow;—
Where below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes building boats;—
Where in sunshine reaching out
Eastern cities, miles about,
Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
And the rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar;—
Where the Great Wall round China goes,
And on one side the desert blows,
And with bell and voice and drum,
Cities on the other hum;—
Where are forests, hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,
Full of apes and cocoa-nuts
And the negro hunters' huts;—
Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,
And the red flamingo flies
Hunting fish before his eyes;—
Where in jungles, near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear
Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a com^{er}-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin;—
Where among the desert sands
Some deserted city stands,
All its children, sweep and prince
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,

Not a stir of child or mouse,
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light,
There I'll come when I'm a man
With a camel caravan;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining-room;
See the pictures on the walls,
Heroes, fights and festivals;
And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

CHAPTER I.

OUT OF THE NEW WORLD INTO THE OLD.

IT was a bright October morning and Miss West was on her way to school. As she turned the corner and came in sight of the building, a girl and boy, who had been watching for her, hurried down the steps to meet her.

"O, Miss West, we aren't coming to school any more," they called to her, both talking at once in their excitement. "Why, Jack and Janet Howard, what do you mean? Why not?" asked Miss West, looking anxiously at the twins for signs of illness. "You tell, Janet," said Jack. "No, Jack, I know you want to," said Janet.

"Well, Miss West," explained Jack impressively, "we are not coming to school any more this year, because we are going around the world. Father is overtired and the doctor says he must take a long trip to avoid a breakdown. He has wanted for a long time to go around the world, but he will not go alone. Mother thought at first she couldn't go and leave us, but Father said, 'Why not take the twins? They are old enough to get a great deal out of such a trip.' So we are all going, and this is our last day at school, because we have got to pack our trunks to start next week."

"How perfectly lovely!" said Miss West, "and what a lot of geography you will know when you get home. Let's go in and tell the class just where you are going, so that they can look up the places on the map."

"We'd love to," said Janet, "because we've just looked them up ourselves. Father traced the whole route for us last night in the atlas."

As Miss West saw that there would be little interest that morning in anything but the twins' trip, she cleverly turned it into a thrilling geography lesson, which was easy to remember, because it was just like a story with Jack and Janet for hero and heroine.

The next week was filled with preparations for the trip. On Sunday the twins said good-bye to their Sunday school superintendent. "We shall miss you," said Mr. Cole. "But how much you will have to tell us when you get home! I suppose you each have something that you will be especially interested in while you are away." "O, yes," said Janet. "Father is always interested in manufactures and industries, and Mother likes to see churches, schools and hospitals. Jack and I are going to find out about other boys and girls and how they live. We are taking our kodaks, so as to get all the pictures we can of them."

The last good-byes were said and before they knew it the twins were on board a steamer on their way to Naples. Among the steamer packages from their friends was one from Miss West, containing two little diaries. There was a letter from her besides, wishing them a safe voyage and a good time. She asked Jack and Janet to write in their diaries every day, in order not to forget the interesting things they had seen.

Jack was especially delighted with his diary, which just fitted his breast pocket. He looked very important pulling out his notebook and jotting things down.

The voyage was twelve days long and very stormy. The Howards were glad to land at Naples, and almost

wished that they could stay instead of sailing on the very next day for Egypt. Three days later the steamer arrived at Alexandria. The wharf was crowded with natives and carriages. The Arabs leaped on board as fast as they could, shouting and gesticulating and offering their services (in broken English) as porters and guides. The din and hubbub were bewildering.

In the midst of the general confusion a tall, handsome Arab, in a pale blue cashmere robe and red fez, came quietly toward Mr. Howard and handed him a letter. It was from a friend who lived in Egypt, answering an enquiry which Mr. Howard had made about a trustworthy dragoman or guide. The letter recommended the bearer, Ibrahim, so highly that Mr. Howard engaged him for the entire stay in Egypt. The twins were fascinated by the soft-voiced, deferential person, who had appeared as suddenly as people did in the Arabian Nights. They hoped that he was not going to disappear in the same way. After having their trunks examined in the custom house, they climbed into a train, divided into little compartments, one of which the family had to themselves. In about three hours they were sipping thick, sweet Turkish coffee from tiny bowls on the hotel terrace in Cairo.

The terrace faced a narrow street, in which all sorts of people were passing. Young men in flowing abayas of different colors, women in black robes, their faces veiled below the eyes, bearded men riding very fast on donkeys much too small for them, fan and bead-sellers, water and wine-sellers with shining brass jars of curious shapes, boys with trained monkeys, besides many dirty little children were some of the sights Jack and Janet saw. In the arcade across the

way shopkeepers in fezes stood in the doorways of their tiny shops, urging tourists to buy.

The elevator-boy, who wore a gorgeous red robe with a gold-embroidered sash, conducted the family to their rooms. Instead of chambermaids several dark-skinned, barefooted men in white brought water and towels and arranged the mosquito-netting that enclosed the beds, making them look like cages.

The next morning Ibrahim was waiting on the terrace to escort the party sight-seeing. Mrs. Howard had letters of introduction to some American missionaries of the United Presbyterian Board and Mr. Howard thought it a good idea to present them the first thing. He said he didn't believe in showing patriotism by bragging about America to foreigners, but by taking an interest in your fellow countrymen and in what they are doing, even if you only have time to shake hands and say how do you do.

Ibrahim called a carriage and gave an address to the coachman, who drove first to a beautiful white building in a lovely garden. Groups of girls were going in at the gate, some in dresses and hats like American girls and others in clinging black draperies with black silk veils covering the lower part of their faces. "What a beautiful place!" said Mrs. Howard. "It is the American College for Girls, Madam," replied Ibrahim, stepping down from the high front seat of the carriage. "I will wait outside."

"Doubtless Jack and I are not admitted," said Mr. Howard. "While you make your visit, let us go over to the Nile Press and send the carriage back for you." So they separated, Janet and her mother going in at the gate and up the steps of the house. They were

met at the door by two charming American ladies, the principal and her assistant, who showed them the classrooms full of attractive girls. "Why, they are reciting in English," said Janet. "Yes," said the principal. "They study Arabic as well, but since England has ruled Egypt, everyone is anxious to speak English. Earl Kitchener has governed wisely, encouraging education and treating the people like human beings instead of slaves."

"What will these girls do after their graduation?" asked Mrs. Howard. "O, a great many will be teachers in different parts of Egypt and others will go to their homes and marry. Some of the girls are poor and supported by scholarships, but a number belong to wealthy and prominent families and will have great influence. The Moslems appreciate the high moral atmosphere of our school and sometimes they have to recognize the Christian standards that create it. A strict Moslem father called the other day and asked us to excuse his daughter from the Bible lesson and prayers. We said, 'There are other schools where this is not a requirement. Why not send her to one of these?' He answered that he liked the tone of our school. Then we explained that we could not excuse his daughter from these things, because they are just what give our school the high moral tone which he values."

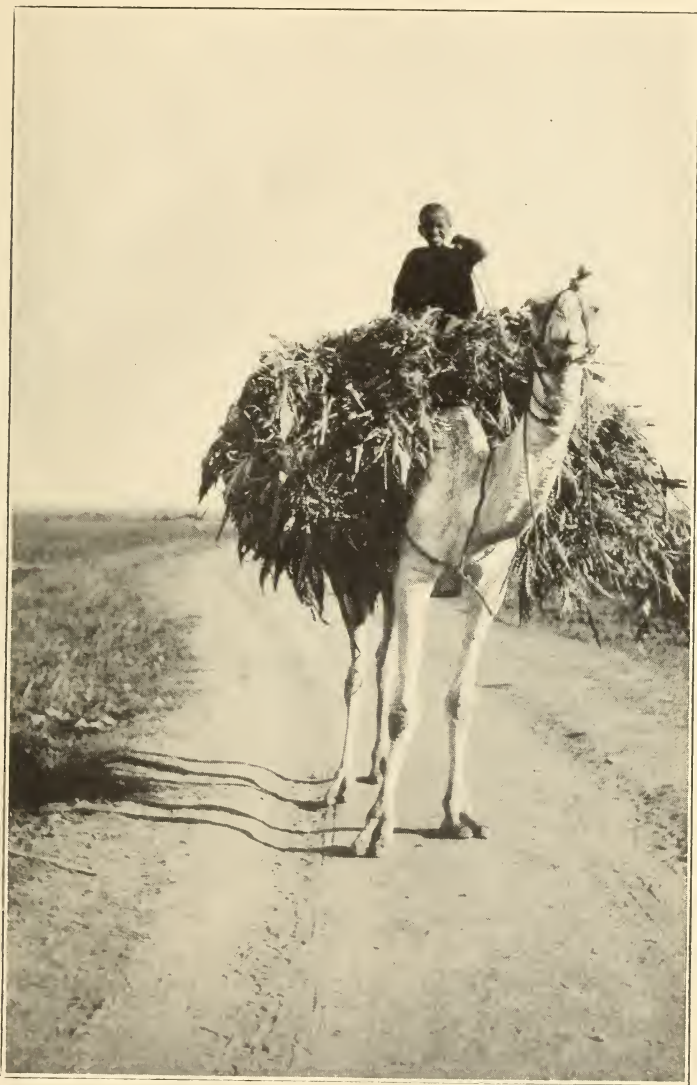
Just as Mrs. Howard was about to leave, two beautiful and elegant Egyptian ladies in European dress entered to call on the principal. Their conversation soon showed how wonderful Christianity seems to people who have not always known about it. They

talked about what was uppermost in their minds,—their Christian ideals.

The younger of the two ladies told how, after graduation, she had gone home to her father's palace on the banks of the Nile eager to help others. She began by teaching the servants and farm hands to read and by giving them Bible lessons. Then she persuaded her father to let her go in his dahabeah or houseboat to villages along the Nile to teach the people. She advises them to send their children away to school, since there are no schools in these villages. She hopes to get classmates, who have become teachers, to help her start some.

Janet wanted to stay and hear more about the work of these lovely young women, but the carriage had returned and Mrs. Howard thought it time to rejoin Mr. Howard and Jack. When she reached the Press, Janet found Jack absorbed in watching the printing of books and papers in Arabic. Mr. Howard was talking with Dr. Zwemer, who has charge of the printing house, which makes Arabic books and magazines to send all over the world. Dr. Zwemer belongs to the Dutch Reformed Church, but is working for all denominations. He is a great scholar, and writes and lectures in Arabic. He has quite won the hearts of the Moslems, who flock to his meetings.

Dr. Zwemer was telling Mr. Howard a story about the courage of the Moslems. One who had become a Christian preacher had aroused a great deal of enmity by leaving his old faith. He knew that his life was in danger. One day, just as he was going into a meeting to speak, an anonymous letter was handed to him, which said that if he did not stop teaching the Chris-



Photograph by N. R. Waterbury.

Egyptian Boy with a Load of Fodder.

tian faith he would be killed on the spot. He did not hesitate a moment, but walked up to the platform and read the letter aloud to the meeting. Then he bared his chest and said, "I am not afraid. If the person who wrote that letter is present, let him shoot now." Nothing happened and he preached without interruption.

On the way back to the hotel Ibrahim called Jack's attention to colored drawings of carts and trains over the doorways of some of the whitewashed houses. "The drawings show that people in those houses have been to Mecca," said Ibrahim, "and they have made a picture of the way they went. The pilgrims who took the Holy Carpet to Mecca return today. Tomorrow there will be a procession and I will take you to see it."

As they had reached the hotel, Jack did not have time then to ask Ibrahim more about the Holy Carpet, but he asked his father at tea-time.

"And then will you tell me," said Janet, "just what a Moslem is?" "Perhaps I'd better answer Janet's question first," said Mr. Howard. "A Moslem is a follower of the religion that Mahomet founded, called Islam or submission to the will of God. The word Moslem means one who has submitted."

"Then Moslems are the same as Mohammedans," said Jack. "How did Mahomet happen to found a religion? How long ago did he live?"

"Mahomet lived about thirteen centuries ago," said Mr. Howard, "in Mecca, Arabia. The Arabs at that time were idolatrous. While at first they worshipped only the sun, moon and stars, they had come to worship animals, trees and stones. The Black Stone in the Kaaba Temple at Mecca was especially sacred.

When Mahomet was a small boy, his parents died and his uncle brought him up. Once he took him as camel-boy with his caravan to Jerusalem, where he heard a great deal about Christianity and about the one true God. He remembered these stories and they greatly influenced his later life. One day he thought an angel appeared to him in a cave and called him to be the prophet of God and turn his people away from idols. The people of Mecca, however, laughed at the idea and for thirteen years they persecuted him. At the end of that time he left Mecca with a few followers and went to Medina, a place about two hundred miles away on the other side of the desert. From that time on he began to gain followers in great numbers. The flight to Medina is called the Hegira, and took place in 622 A. D. Moslems reckon time from this date. The trouble with Mahomet was that he started with the right idea that there is one true God, but he invented a great many wrong ideas. In the first place, he put himself next to God in importance and taught that God is a terrible being, who wants the world won for him by force instead of love. The sword is called the key of heaven by Moslems, and they believe that it is right to kill everyone who refuses to accept their religion. So Mahomet and his followers went out to conquer the world. Their faith spread rapidly. Today it is the religion of one-eighth of the world. Although Moslems say that they are not idolatrous, they still worship the Black Stone at Mecca.

“Now we come to the Holy Carpet, Jack. The temple built around the Black Stone is hung with black silk curtains, embroidered with prayers from the Koran, which is the Moslems’ sacred book, containing the

teachings of Mahomet, collected after his death. The Holy Carpet is not a carpet but a set of curtains for the Kaaba Temple, which the Khedive of Egypt sends each year as a state offering to Mecca. The many pilgrims, who go with it, come back very important people. The robe worn by each one on the journey is holy and is put away to be used as a shroud."

"Before the Moslems conquered Egypt, were there any Christians there?" asked Janet. "Yes, there was the Alexandrine Church, said to have been founded by St. Mark. There is a small body of Christians still in Egypt, called the Coptic Church, which is an outgrowth of the church at Alexandria, but it has become very corrupt. Coptic is just another word for Egyptian, but it is generally used with reference to the Coptic Christians."

Just then the musical sound of a voice chanting in the distance was borne faintly into the room. It was the call to prayer, which is repeated five times a day by the muezzins or priests from the tops of all the minarets. Jack ran to the window and beckoned to his father and Janet. There, underneath, knelt an old man praying.

"He is facing Mecca," said Mr. Howard, "and saying the prayer he says five times every day, 'Allah is great, Allah is the one true God and Mohammed is his prophet.'"

The man finished his prayer, and rolling up the little rug on which he had been kneeling, went away. As the twins turned from the window, they saw Ibrahim come into the room with a man selling beads. Janet and her mother went over to see them and selected a lovely long string of amber. "That is a Moslem rosary," said

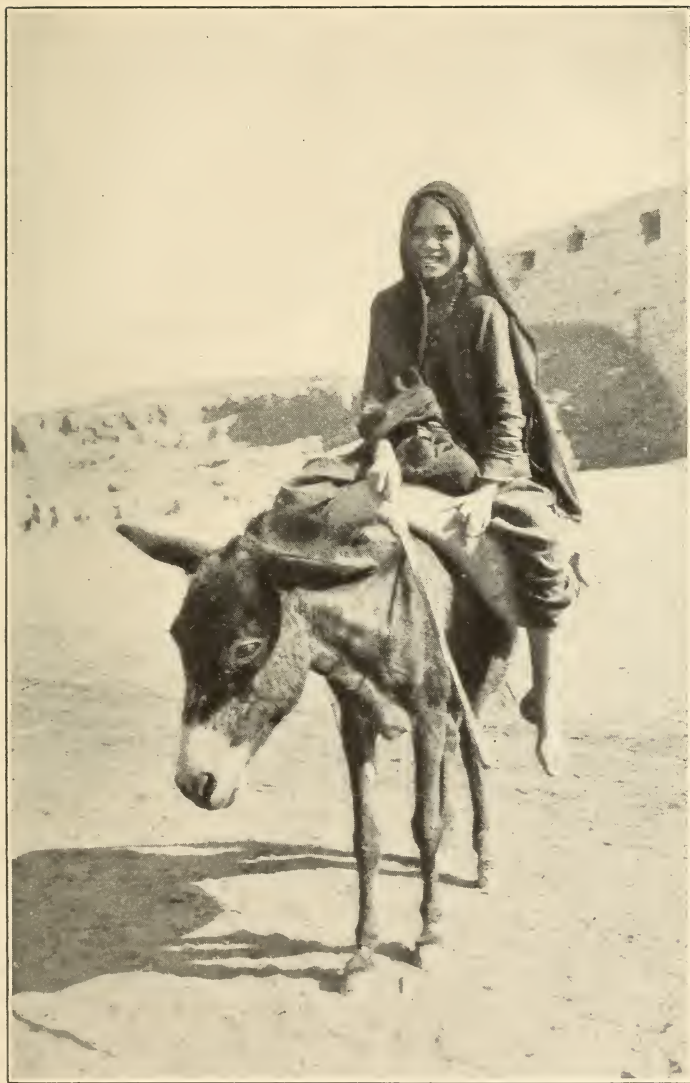
Ibrahim. "There are ninety-nine beads for the ninety-nine beautiful names of Allah."

The next morning Ibrahim took the family, as he had promised, to see the procession. The pilgrims walked behind the camel palanquin, that had carried the Holy Carpet to Mecca, and the Khedive rode in a carriage in the procession, accompanied by a body-guard of soldiers on horseback. The number of observers was so great that it was difficult to see the pilgrims, but the crowd itself was very interesting, as it was composed of people of many nationalities in all sorts of costumes.

After the procession there was just time to go to the Citadel, where there is a famous mosque and a fine view of the city. The Mosque of Mohammed Ali is spacious, clean and still. Many plain crystal lamps hang in a circle from the ceiling. Pilgrims quietly unroll their prayer-rugs and kneel to pray. The visitors watched reverently for a few moments and then went out to look at the city, bristling with the minarets of its many mosques, spread out beneath them.

In the afternoon Dr. Watson, who has been a missionary of the United Presbyterian Board for fifty years, called to take the Howards to see the pyramids and the sphynx at Gizeh, just outside the city. The twins rode camels and had great fun. The pyramids are very impressive, standing in the sand on the edge of the desert. Far away on the horizon are others, built in steps and called the Step Pyramids of Sakkara.

On the way home Dr. Watson stopped to show Jack and Janet a typical village. The houses were built of mud and huddled together like chicken coops. Chick-



Photograph by N. R. Waterbury.

Egyptian Village Girl.



ens actually were living on the flat roofs. There were flies everywhere, even sticking in clusters around the eyes of the dirty children. "How can people live in such stuffy little houses?" said Janet. "These people stay out of doors most of the time with the donkeys, camels, buffalo and black sheep," said Dr. Watson. "Isn't it fortunate that the climate allows them to do so?" The fellahin or villagers, who were at home, greeted the missionary pleasantly. "This is a contrast to former days," he remarked. "The Moslems often insulted us as we passed through the streets. Now they realize that we are their friends."

The next morning Ibrahim took the family to the Muski, a street full of native shops with open fronts, where the twins bought Turkish delight and costumes. Then he took them into one of the mosques of the great Moslem University, El Azhar, where thirteen thousand students study the Koran. At the door squatted a man in white, wearing a fez, who rose to give them some big felt slippers before they entered. Inside there is a large, square courtyard, surrounded by an arcade, supported by pillars. On the ground at the base of each pillar sits a teacher, with a group of boys learning the Koran. They study it all day long, committing it to memory. No mathematics or science is taught in this university,—nothing but the Koran. Suddenly the babel of voices in the courtyard ceased as a voice from somewhere high above came down to them. Every Moslem dropped on his knees, facing southward toward Mecca. Ibrahim led his party quickly out into the street.

In the afternoon Jack and Janet went with their mother to visit two American schools. The buildings

were poor and small, but the children were clean, and were interested and absorbed in their lessons. In the class in mental arithmetic the examples were not easy, but the boys in the little red fezes gave the answers promptly. "There is some sense in this school," said Jack. "The boys are certainly learning more useful things and they look brighter, somehow, than those boys dreaming over at El Azhar this morning."

As Ibrahim insisted that one of the most interesting sights in Cairo, is the collection of mummies, statues and hieroglyphics in the Museum, Mr. and Mrs. Howard followed his advice and spent a morning there. Ibrahim could read the picture-writing and he explained the treasures of the Museum most vividly. Before leaving Mr. Howard bought a necklace of mummy beads and a scarab, both several thousand years old.

On returning to the hotel, Mr. Howard found a letter from an old friend, the one who had sent him Ibrahim, inviting the family to visit him in Assiut. He said that his son was about Jack's age and that his little daughter could hardly wait to see the twins. He hoped that they would all come soon and stay as long as possible. After reading the letter, Mr. Howard proposed leaving Cairo at once for Luxor, to remain for a few days, and from there coming back to Assiut. Ibrahim went to engage a sleeping compartment on the train that evening, and the afternoon was spent in packing. On the sleeper that night, although the windows were tightly shut, sand sifted in, for the train was going through the desert all the way. In the morning, when Jack and Janet looked out, they could see nothing but sand and

an occasional palm tree. Once they passed a caravan of camels.

After rushing Cairo, Luxor was peaceful and quiet. The hotel faced the Nile, whose picturesque craft interested the twins. They went to the river-bank every evening to watch them, but their eyes often wandered beyond the boats to the mysterious desert and the cloudless red sunsets.

Ibrahim arranged several pleasant excursions. The one the twins enjoyed most was a donkey-ride into the desert on the other side of the Nile. On this ride to the buried city of Thebes, where an Englishman, by digging, has discovered the tombs of the kings of ancient Egypt, Jack and Janet saw all sorts of interesting sights. In the dry fields near the river, camels and buffaloes were walking slowly round and round the rude wells, turning the wheels, which bring the water from the Nile into the fields for irrigation. The corn and sugar-cane crops looked withered and brown, and there was very little grass for the flocks of black sheep, which women and children were tending. It was fun to meet the children, who passed on donkeys and camels with loads of straw and corn. They smiled in a friendly way at the twins, who snapped pictures of them.

The road through the desert became more and more desolate. Finally the party came to a defile between yellow rocks, which Ibrahim said was the entrance to the tombs. These are large rooms buried deep under the ground. The walls are covered with colored pictures and writing, which describe the great deeds of the kings, whose mummies were found there. Going back a different way, the Howards passed the Colossi

of Memnon, a gigantic pair of seated stone figures, which look solemn and lonely all by themselves in the desert.

There are two famous ruins in Luxor, the Temples of Luxor and Karnak. The beautiful columns of the great Temple of Karnak, and the wonderful avenue of sphynxes leading up to the pylon or gateway, are among the marvelous sights of the world.

While driving home from there one day, the carriage passed a school. The sign over the door was in English. "That must be where the donkey boys told me they learn English," said Jack. "See the boys playing ball in the playground. Do let's stop a minute to watch them." As the carriage waited, Janet noticed another sign on a house a few doors away. Looking over the gateway into the garden, she saw girls playing tag. An American lady, who was with the girls, invited her to step in a minute. The lady said that both these schools belong to the mission of the United Presbyterian Church. She let Janet peep in at the sewing classes and showed her the shelves in a cool spot against the garden wall, where the girls may drink by tipping the jars, that lie there full of fresh water for those who are hot and thirsty. Little girls, who were mischievously climbing up to drink from the jars on the top shelf, intended for older and taller people, scrambled down quickly at the sound of footsteps.

Early one morning the Howards started for Assiut, which is a large, prosperous town on the Nile north of Luxor. Arriving there in the afternoon, they were met by Dr. McClennahan, who is president of the American college for boys. This college belongs to the United Presbyterian Mission. It has seven hundred students

and a number of fine young professors from America. There Jack met Bob McClennahan, coming out of a class with some Egyptian boys.

"I wanted to come to the station," said Bob, "but I couldn't cut this class. You see I am preparing for college in America and I have to study."

"Do you like the boys?" asked Jack. "Can you have any fun with them? I should think it would be lonesome with no American boys."

"It isn't a bit," said Bob. "The fellows are great, and so bright that it's pretty hard to keep up with them. Some are good athletes, too. Come and see our athletic field. We have fine games there." Jack was interested in the game of cricket that was going on, and enjoyed talking with Bob's friends, who spoke good English.

In the meantime Dr. McClennahan had taken Mr. Howard to see the beautiful church, which is filled on Sundays, and to the hospital, a large building with several American doctors. "The hospital pays for itself now," said the head doctor. "It gives us a good chance to preach to the people. After we have straightened out their bodies, they begin to believe in our religion."

As the two men left the hospital, Mr. Howard said he had been wondering whether it was good for an American boy like Bob to be there, studying with the Egyptian boys. "O, yes," said Dr. McClennahan. "We are glad Bob is here. Assiut is not like other cities. So many of the people have studied in our schools and so many are Christians that it has a Christian atmosphere. It is good for Bob to see the contrast between this city and others in Egypt. He will appreciate America all the more after his life in Egypt.

He is so interested in the students that he goes out with them on Sundays to teach in the villages."

Just then Mrs. McClennahan drove up with Mrs. Howard and Janet. Janet was eager to tell about the wonderful schools she had seen in two old palaces. Two Egyptian gentlemen, both Christians, lived in them until the city grew so large that they decided to build new palaces out by the river. As they did not want to sell the old ones, one gentleman established a school for boys and the other a school for girls, and they pay all the expense of getting teachers from America. "We met the wives and daughters of the gentlemen," said Janet. "They visit the schools often and go to see the children in their homes."

"Their interest has done more good than anything I know of," said Dr. McClennahan. "The people say that if these rich and influential people take such a personal interest in their children all on account of their religion, it must be worth something."

It was with great regret that the family parted with the McClennahans to go to Port Said, where the steamer for Ceylon called and took them farther on their long journey.



QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER I.

1. Where is Egypt? What sort of country is it as to climate, soil, vegetation?
2. What is a Moslem? Tell what you can about the religion called Islam.
3. What is the Coptic Church?
4. Compare a Moslem education and a Christian education. What is El Azhar?
5. Describe an Egyptian village.
6. What do you think are the two best characteristics of the Moslems?
7. What is the trouble with the religion of Mahomet?
8. What is Christianity doing for Egypt?
9. What American missions did the Howards see in Egypt?
10. What Bible stories do you know about Egypt?







Photograph by Plâté & Co., Ceylon.

Climbing for Coconuts.

CEYLON *

Oh, this beautiful island of Ceylon!
With the cocoanut trees on the shore;
It is shaped like a pear with the peel on,
And Kandy lies in at the core.

And Kandy is sweet (you ask Gertie!)
Even when it is spelt with a K,
And the people are cheerful and dirty,
And dress in a comical way.

Here comes a particular dandy,
With two ear-rings and half of a shirt,
He's considered the swell of all Kandy,
And the rest of him's covered with dirt,

And here comes the belle of the city,
With rings on her delicate toes,
And eyes that are painted and pretty,
And a jewel that shakes in her nose.

And the dear little girls and their brothers,
And the babies so jolly and fat,
Astride on the hips of their mothers,
And as black as a gentleman's hat.

And the queer little heaps of old women,
And the shaven Buddhistical priests,
And the lake which the worshippers swim in,
And the wagons with curious beasts.

The tongue they talk mostly is Tamul,
Which sounds you can hardly tell how,
It is half like the scream of a camel,
And half like the grunt of a sow.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

* These verses are part of a letter from Ceylon to a niece in America. "Gertie" was her sister.

CHAPTER II.

SPICY BREEZES AND PALMY PLAINS.

THE departure from Port Said was made at night, while the passengers were asleep. When the twins went on deck the next morning, the steamer was in the Suez Canal, moving so slowly that she seemed to be standing still. On either side stretched the desert. Along the banks Arabs were busily digging to keep the sand from caving in. It was interesting at first to watch the natives and to wave to them, but the slow progress grew tiresome. Several times the big vessel went aground in the shallow water and tugs came to her rescue, but in spite of delays she reached Suez at sunset.

There was great excitement on shore over the steamer's arrival. Swarms of Arabs rowed out to sell ostrich feathers and Turkish delight to the passengers. Others brought the mail bags and fresh vegetables. There was even greater excitement on board the boat over her departure and entrance into the Red Sea. "It might well be called the Red Hot Sea, for we always have sultry weather here," said an old traveller to Mr. Howard. "The air loses its life and the heat becomes oppressive."

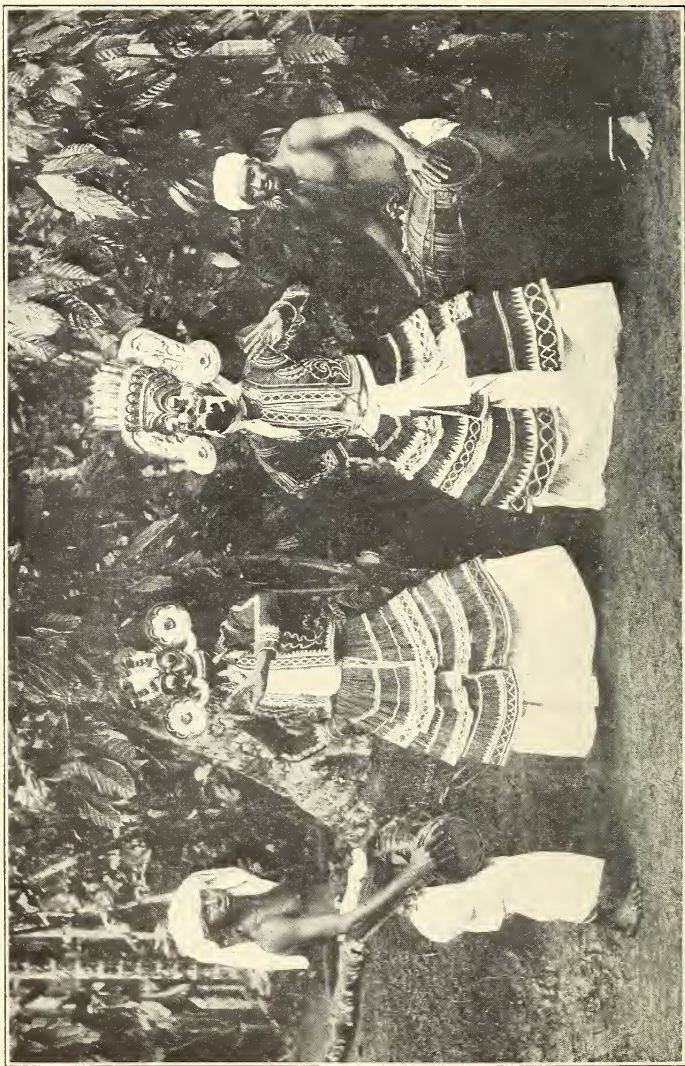
After three days the steamer stopped at Aden, where at first there seemed to be nothing but red rocks and a lighthouse. In an instant, however, hordes of natives appeared from behind the rocks. They hurried away from shore in little boats, each trying to reach the steamer first. Some of the passengers, who were

crowded along the deck rail, let down strings, to which the natives attached bags. In these, beads, baskets and ostrich eggs were sent up on approval. Prices were agreed upon by signs, and the money was returned in the bags. This kind of shopping was great fun, but after an hour or two, everyone was glad to leave the shouting natives and to sail on into the Indian Ocean.

People now settled down to enjoy the voyage. Jack and Janet made friends among the other children and played deck games with them. Often the boys and girls stopped in the middle of a game to watch the flying-fish, that look exactly like flocks of tiny birds, until they fold their wings and dive into the water. The sun grew hotter and the moon brighter as the boat steamed toward Ceylon. On the eighth day after leaving Aden she landed the passengers, who were not bound for Australia, at Colombo. Mr. and Mrs. Howard and the twins put on their pith hats and smoked glasses and, raising their green umbrellas to keep out every ray of the dangerous sun, went ashore. They were whisked over to the railroad station in rickshaws and were soon in the train for Kandy.

Ceylon is one of the most beautiful islands in the world. As the train climbed the mountains, Jack and Janet were enchanted by the tropical scenery. There were terraced paddy or rice fields, tea-plants with dark, glossy leaves, tall cocconut palms, feathery bamboos and jack-fruit, bread-fruit and rubber trees. Big, clumsy water buffaloes were wallowing in the rivers. A hurricane had flooded the fields, and the merry brown children were going about on rafts. At the stations natives came to the car windows with tray





Devil Dancers in Kandy.

of oranges, little bananas called plantains, and king cocoanuts with smooth, yellow shells. Mr. Howard bought a king cocoanut and opened it so that the family might enjoy the refreshing milk.

At one station the twins noticed a man wearing an orange robe and holding an enormous palm-leaf fan before his face. A little boy walked behind with a wooden bowl. "I am sure he is a Buddhist priest," said Mrs. Howard. "I have read about them and that is the way they dress. The big fan is to keep him from looking on the face of a woman. The boy must be the priest's servant, carrying his begging-bowl. There are a great many Buddhists in Ceylon."

"Are Buddhists anything like Moslems?" asked Janet. "No," said Mrs. Howard. "Buddhism is a much older religion than Islam. Gautama or 'the Buddha,' which is one of his titles, meaning 'the Enlightened One,' lived in India about five hundred years before Christ, a thousand years before Mahomet. He is said to have sat for six years under a Bo tree, meditating on the meaning of life. His final decision was that there is no God. His highest idea of happiness was a state of absence of feeling, known as Nirvana. To reach Nirvana he said it is necessary first of all to do right and to be charitable in this life, in order to atone for your sins in past lives. Then, after many other lives as animals or insects or people, it may be possible after thousands of years to reach Nirvana. If you are wicked in this life, you will certainly be punished in the next, but the hope of ever reaching Nirvana is pretty small for most people. What hope is there for any of us, without a God? It

is human to sin and we need a higher power to forgive our sins and to help us to resist temptation."

At nightfall the train reached Kandy and the travellers went to the hotel facing the tank, a large, square lake, shaded by trees. For dinner they had rice and curry with plantains, creamed bamboo stalks that tasted like white asparagus, and preserved bamboo served by the strangest looking waiters in white cotton coats and skirts. Jack and Janet could not believe that they were men, for they looked just like old women with their long hair done in a tight knot behind and their round tortoise-shell combs.

That evening a queer chanting and beating of drums was heard and Jack found out that a devil dance was going on outside. The hotel proprietor explained that this is an ancient religious rite, a remnant of Animism or spirit-worship, which the young chiefs of Kandy like to keep up. The performers wore grotesque masks and bright-colored skirts and jackets. The dancing in the smoky torchlight was strange and uncanny.

The next morning at seven o'clock chota hazri or first breakfast of fruit, toast and tea was brought to the room. Later a more substantial breakfast was served in the dining-room. Then a carriage came to take the party sight-seeing. Mrs. Howard asked the hotel proprietor if there were any missions in Kandy. As he knew of none, the carriage started on the way to "Lady Horton's Drive." "I am sorry not to see any missions here," said Mrs. Howard. "My mother was so interested in the work of the Congregational Women's Society in Ceylon. When I was a child, she told me about Eliza Agnew, the first single woman missionary to Asia. The story impressed me, because

Miss Agnew was only a little girl of eight when she made up her mind to become a missionary. Something her teacher said in school about the people of India and Ceylon gave her an idea that she would like to go and help them some day. When she was grown up, she had not changed her mind and the Congregationalists sent her out here to be at the head of a girls' boarding school at Uduvil, in the Jaffna Peninsula. We shall not have time to go up there. The school must be ninety years old now. There are so many graduates, that the people of Ceylon speak of Miss Agnew as 'mother of a thousand daughters.' Miss Howland is principal at present. I read not long ago that one little girl had come to the school from Nainative, a small island west of Jaffna. The inhabitants of the island are Hindus, who worship the cobra. Their cobra temple is so famous that hundreds of thousands of Hindus come to it in June to celebrate a festival in honor of the deadly snake. When the little girl went away with her father in a boat, the people lamented. They said harm would befall her, because she was the first girl who had ever left the island. She came back so happy and so improved that other girls began to wish that they might go to school. Now there is a little school on the island, supported by the missionary society of the native Christian women of Jaffna. The Uduvil school girls have mite-boxes and like to feel that they, too, are helping the island girls."

Just then Janet interrupted her mother to say that she believed there was a mission in Kandy after all, because she saw a sign, which read C. M. S. Mission House. It pointed to a pretty bungalow, with hanging baskets of maidenhair on the veranda. A tall

young Englishman in riding-clothes was striding down the path. In answer to Mr. Howard's inquiry, he said that he was a missionary of the Church of England to the Tamil coolies, who come from India to work on the Ceylon tea and rubber estates. He said that some of the planters have schools on their estates for the children of the workmen and have asked him to teach the Bible classes. He was about to ride out to a plantation six miles away. Mr. and Mrs. Howard were astonished to hear that there are about five thousand Tamil Christians in Kandy, who the year before gave out of their small earnings fourteen thousand rupees (nearly \$5,000), to support their churches. Several sons of Kandyan chiefs have become Christians and attend Trinity College, a fine school, which the Church Missionary Society supports.

The missionary was obliged to hurry away to his coolies and the Howard family continued their drive. The winding road is beautiful, with glimpses through the trees of the shining tank in the valley below. The Kandyans, who were out walking, looked extremely clean, as if they had taken advantage of the abundance of water in the recent flood. In front of several native huts mothers were bathing brown babies in tin bathtubs.

After tiffin, Mr. Howard ordered the carriage for a drive to the Shrine of Buddha's Tooth and to the Peradynia Gardens. The shrine was so crowded with dirty pilgrims and begging priests that the family did not care to stay there long. "That tooth is a big fake," said Jack with disgust, as the carriage drove away. "It is certainly of miraculous size," said Mrs. Howard. "I don't see why people should make such a fuss over a

tooth anyway," said Janet. "I suspect that Buddhists, after all, feel the need of worship and have taken Buddha for their god," Mr. Howard remarked.

The drive through the Botanical Gardens was a visit to Wonderland. There the twins saw avenues of cabbage-palms and royal-palms and many varieties of bamboo. Black creatures, larger than squirrels, skimmed through the air high over their heads. These were flying foxes. In the spice garden the guardian allowed the party to pick leaves from the cinnamon and clove trees and to carry away a fruit that seemed like a peach, but which, when opened, was found to contain something that looked like a horse-chestnut, with scarlet tracery all over it. Hidden away in the centre of the fruit was a nutmeg.

The drive ended at the Peradynia Station, where the family took the train back to Colombo. An English tea-planter, who rode in the same compartment, pointed out a mountain, called Adam's Mount, which he said is a place of pilgrimage for three religions. Somebody once discovered a footprint in a rock up there, which Buddhists think is Gautama's, but Mohammedans call it Mohammed's, and Christians say that it is Adam's.

At Colombo there was only time for a short rickshaw ride before going on board the little steamer, which sails every night for Tuticorin, India. A month or two later the crossing might have been made by rail from the north of the island, but the bridge was not quite finished. The children's main impressions were of rose-colored soil, numberless grey crows, and intense heat. Colombo is only eight degrees from the Equator. They also noticed many shops of precious stones and wood and ivory carvings.

On the boat that night Mr. and Mrs. Howard's seats at dinner were next to the Captain, who surprised everyone by rising and asking a blessing. The Captain was very friendly. After dinner he invited the whole family to come up on the bridge and see his cozy room. There he told them about his ship. "We carry hundreds of Tamil coolies from India to Ceylon," said Captain Carré. "After my conversion, I saw that here was a great opportunity to help large numbers of people, for there is a different set every trip. A man, who speaks Tamil, goes below decks with me every night and talks to the coolies and we give them pictures and Bible stories, which an English lady pays for. This is called the 'Gospel Ship' because I say grace at dinner. After discovering in the printed rules of the British India Steamship Company that one of the duties of the captain is to say grace before meals, my conscience would not rest until I obeyed, although it is a dead-letter rule. It took all my courage, for no one likes to be ridiculed."

Early in the morning the "Bangala" landed her passengers in a tender at Tuticorin. Some poor, thin coolies, waiting on the pier, piled enormous quantities of baggage on their heads and carried it to the train platform. There the custom-house officials examined it and the coolies put it on the train for Madura, where the Howards arrived six hours later. Mr. Howard's friend, Dr. Chandler, had invited the family to stay at his house in the American Board compound. The drive from the station to the compound was most exciting. The streets were swarming with people. The men and women were wrapped in gay cloths, bordered with gilt or contrasting colors. Caste marks were

painted on their foreheads. The children wore bracelets, anklets, and nose, toe and earrings to make up for lack of clothing. The coachman, in a red turban, stood and shouted, as he drove, to keep people from getting under his horse's feet. When the crowds were thickest, he had to jump out and lead the horse.

On their arrival at the house, Mrs. Chandler gave Mr. and Mrs. Howard tea, and Dr. Chandler showed the twins his typewriter that writes Tamil. Two moonshees or Indian scholars were working in the study, helping with the new Tamil dictionary, which Dr. Chandler is making.

After tea Mrs. Chandler took Jack and Janet to see the great Madura Temple. It is one of the few Hindu temples open to visitors and one of the finest. In the outer corridors are bazaars, where people may buy presents for themselves or to offer to the images of the gods inside. Flower sellers sit on the ground, twisting jasmine and marigold blossoms into garlands, and bracelet sellers are busy fitting glass bangles on women and children. Janet watched a child having a bracelet put on. The little hand was kneaded first to make it squeeze through the smallest size possible. The poor little thing cried with the pain. Beyond is the sacred tank, in which are reflected the great, gilded, pyramidal gateways, which are covered with carvings of gods and goddesses. Inside the temple are images of the gods, to which people pray and bring gifts. When the guests were ready to leave the temple several fat, well-kept cows stood before the door and prevented them from getting to the street. "Those are the sacred cows," said Mrs. Chandler. "We must not on any account interfere with them.

The priests would be furious. We'll just have to wait until they see fit to get out of our way."

As soon as the cows permitted, Mrs. Chandler drove to another part of the city to show the twins a beautiful tank. In the centre there is an island on which an image of a god is kept in a shrine. On certain occasions the image is put into a boat and taken, with great ceremony, to call on its relatives, the other gods and goddesses. By this time it was growing so dark that Mrs. Chandler drove through the lighted bazaar home to dinner. All through the meal a punkah swayed to and fro over the table, to stir the air and blow away mosquitoes. Now and then a noise, like the scolding of a squirrel, rang through the room. It seemed to come from behind a picture on the wall, but the twins could see only a lizard darting to catch a mosquito on its tongue. Mrs. Chandler smiled. "He is a noisy little fellow," she said, "but very useful. In India instead of having glass or screens in our windows, we depend on the lizards and bats to free our houses of insects." "Do you have trouble with white ants here?" asked Mrs. Howard. "Indeed we do," replied Mrs. Chandler. "Did you notice that your trunks were set on bricks to raise them above the floor? That is to keep the ants from eating through the bottom and getting at your clothing. They always work in the dark and build themselves mud tunnels to travel in." "I believe I saw some of those on the trunks of trees from the train windows today," said Jack. "Those earth-castles in the fields must have been the ant-hills."

The next morning Janet went with her mother to see Dr. Parker's hospital, the only one for women within a radius of four hundred miles. A great many





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A Little Tamil Girl.

mothers were there with sick babies. Some of the babies were receiving doses of castor oil from the native nurses. Others were waiting for the doctor. Dr. Parker left her assistant, an Indian lady, in charge of the clinic while she took the guests through the wards. The patients all smiled as the frail, gentle, little doctor passed their beds.

"Our building is old and crowded," she said, "but we hope to have a better one soon. Would you like to see my Birds' Nest?" she asked Janet, leading the way into the garden. "Here are two little birds now." She picked up one of the two children, who had come running toward her, and carried him astride her hip as the native mothers carry their children.

"You see," she explained, "I was like the old woman who lived in a shoe. I had so many children given to me that I didn't know what to do, and so I built 'The Birds' Nest.' It is just a row of little one-room, native houses built under the trees in my garden. Then I found a nice Christian woman to care for the children. They eat and sleep on the floor, native fashion." By this time she had reached the little houses with a sign, "The Birds' Nest," in front. A dozen birds flew out to meet her. "We should have brought something to feed them," said Janet. "We'll give the native woman some money," answered her mother, "to provide a feast for them tomorrow." Janet and her mother then returned to Dr. Chandler's house for tiffin.

Mr. Howard and Jack, who had been visiting the men's hospital, were enthusiastic over the fine, new building. "The silk weavers of Madura gave it to Dr. Van Alen," said Jack, "and they pay besides to be taken care of in it." Miss Swift's industrial school and

the girls' and boys' high schools were closed for the Christmas holidays. The twins were sorry not to see the boys and girls, but were glad that they have such fine school buildings.

The next day at noon, the family started for the hills, where they were invited to spend Christmas on a coffee plantation. The first night was spent on the train, which was not like a sleeper in America. In India you have to take your own pillows, sheets and mattresses, and your own man-servant to make up your bed and attend to the sahman or luggage, because there are no porters on the trains. At three o'clock in the morning Jack and Janet rubbed their eyes, for it was time to get up. They stumbled over some natives, sleeping on the station platform, and swallowed a hasty chota of smoky toast and tea, made on a charcoal brazier by a native in the waiting-room. Then they scrambled into a jutka with their mother and father. A jutka is a two-wheeled cart without springs or seats, drawn by bullocks. The persons, who ride in it, recline on cushions and straw on the floor and try to keep from hitting the matting top and sides of the cart as it jolts along.

The road was shaded by great banyan trees, from whose branches big grey monkeys with long tails peered soberly down at the travellers. The monkeys looked so wise that Jack and Janet did not think it strange that in India, where people think that animals are gods, the god of wisdom should be the monkey. His name is Hanuman, and there are many funny stories about him in the sacred books. Once he wanted to cross from India to Ceylon and the monkeys linked themselves together by their tails to make a bridge for

him. At one place beside the road, the twins saw a monkey shrine, a little house where a priest lives and receives offerings for the monkeys. In front of the huts by the roadside, people were cooking their breakfasts of rice-water over fires of cow dung. Others were starting out to work in the dim morning light, with bundles on their heads. Soon there was another shrine with a row of crude, wooden horses, gaudily painted, standing guard in front. At the end of the banyan avenue a group of coolies stood with chairs to carry the party up the ghat or mountain. The so-called chair is nothing but a strip of canvas fastened securely to two stout bamboo poles. Four coolies raise the poles upon their shoulders, and the person sitting in the canvas with his feet stretched out in front of him, swings in a sort of hammock. The coolies were scantily clad in loin cloths and wore their long hair coiled in the back of the neck. They chanted, as they climbed, an excruciating melody, impossible to imitate, punctuated by groans and sighs. They were not suffering, but the rhythmic groans helped them to climb.

The road zigzagged sharply up past jungles of fern and palm, and coffee bushes with scarlet and green berries among their glossy, dark leaves. After about three hours, the bearers dropped the poles on the ground in front of a whitewashed plaster bungalow, with a rose-covered veranda, standing in a garden surrounded by a hedge of hibiscus. In the doorway stood the host and hostess with a warm welcome. It was already eleven o'clock and quite time for breakfast, which consisted of large soup plates of oatmeal and canned milk, coffee, curry, and fruit. After breakfast the family went out to the back garden to see the

coffee pickers, who had brought their baskets of berries for inspection. Men, women and children stood salaaming and smiling over enormous baskets filled with scarlet berries about the size of cranberries. They made Janet suddenly think of Christmas. "Why, it is Christmas Eve!" she cried. "It seems more like Fourth of July," said Jack, "only hotter."

That afternoon the twins were invited to a Christmas tree to be given at a neighboring estate for the London Mission School children. They went in a rickshaw drawn by two men in khaki livery, with scarlet sashes and turbans, who kept step perfectly. First there were sports on the lawn. The boys played a game in which they acted the parts of postmaster, telegraph operator, and other government officials. The British Government requires this training. The girls sang funny motion songs, describing how girls should care for their rooms, their hair, and their teeth. Finally, a big tent was thrown open. Inside was a Christmas tree, all lighted, with a present for each child.

Christmas Day was beautiful, even though there was no snow. The English Church was decorated with greens, and there were scarlet poinsettias in the gardens. All the English people came from the other coffee estates to the morning service in the church. In the evening the dinner of turkey and plum pudding made the twins almost forget that they were not at home in America, instead of in a country where Christmas is celebrated by very, very few.

The holidays came to an end and the coolies jolted down the ghat to an even worse song than before, but Jack and Janet enjoyed every jolt. The masses of

purple and yellow lantana, clambering wild over the mountainside, and the views of the great, hot plains below, all opalescent in the late afternoon sunlight, made them exclaim with delight.

The next morning the servant wakened them at two-thirty at a station called Kadpadi (pronounced card party). As they stepped down from the train, a man appeared out of the darkness with a note from Dr. Ida Scudder, whom they were to visit in Vellore. It said that the bearer was her syce or coachman, who would drive them to Vellore, saving a tiresome wait for a train. It was a four-mile drive under the brilliant stars, the Southern Cross just above the horizon before them, and dark mountains enclosing the broad valley they were crossing.

The twins were eager to see Dr. Scudder, for they had learned that besides being wonderful herself, she belongs to a very famous family. Her grandfather founded the Arcot Mission of the Dutch Reformed Church nearly one hundred years ago. The family has given almost one thousand years of service to India. Six generations have been doctors. Three generations have been medical missionaries in India.

Dr. Scudder stood at the door of her bungalow, with a light in her hand to welcome the travellers. She sent them off to bed for a few more hours of sleep, saying that they must be prepared for a busy day. It proved to be busy and delightful. Jack and Janet fell in love with Dr. Scudder and her pets. In her own house she is followed about by a lively, white kitten and a beautiful collie, named Frisky, while at the hospital brown babies cling to her skirts and find their way into her arms and heart. Babies are sold and given away in

India, as if they were no more precious than dolls, because their parents are so poor. Janet wished that she might take one of the little brownies home with her, for they are almost sweeter than American babies. As this was out of the question, Dr. Scudder suggested that she name one and call it her own, and Mr. Howard said he would send money to support it.

The hospital is a fascinating place. It has such a homelike, cheerful atmosphere. Native nurses, in snowy white sarees, go quietly about, and relatives and friends of the patients add life and color. Janet noticed a doll on every pillow. These were Christmas dolls, and grown women were as pleased as children over the eyes that opened and shut. Everyone loves her first doll.

That afternoon Dr. Scudder gave a gosha party, to which no men were invited. Gosha women are high-caste ladies, who must not be seen by men outside of their own family. They never stir from the house except in a closed carriage. The doctor had invited two hundred of these women to come to the hospital to see Mrs. Howard and Janet. A covered walk had to be arranged from the street to the door, so that no one could see them get out of the jutkas, and the men were sent away. Jack thought all this very silly. "If they weren't so afraid of being seen," he said, "no one would think of looking at them."

Most of the women invited had never been at such an affair in their lives. Many of them found it hard to get permission from their husbands to come, but they managed it somehow and were all waiting when Mrs. Howard and Janet arrived at the hospital. It was a wonderful sight—the room full of dark women, dressed

in costly silk sarees with rich gold borders. They wore flashing jewels in hair, ears and noses, and many bracelets and anklets. It was fortunate that Janet had not worn white, for white is considered very common, no matter how expensive the material, and is used for mourning.

After a little entertainment of music, there was the novel ceremony of shaking hands. In India people do not shake hands, but touch their own foreheads and say "Salaam." If Janet was fascinated with the costumes of the Indian ladies, they found hers no less interesting, and did not hesitate to feel of it and examine it carefully. As very few could speak English, the conversation was interpreted. After the American ceremony of handshaking, there was the Indian one of sprinkling the guests with rose-water and of passing sandalwood paste in a silver bowl. Into this each guest dipped her fingers and rubbed them on her face. As a souvenir everyone received a nosegay of jasmine and marigold and a chew of betel-nut, cleverly wrapped with a bit of lime in a green leaf. Janet would have tried the betel, but was warned that it would stain her teeth bright red. The Americans, as guests of honor, were garlanded with heavy wreaths of jasmine and marigolds, and were given limes wrapped in gold and silver paper.

After all the ladies had driven away in their rattling, springless bullock carts, Janet and her mother went back to Dr. Scudder's veranda. They found that Mr. Howard and Jack had been to see a Temple of Kali, which has been unused for a long time. There is another Temple of Kali in Vellore, where, within Dr. Scudder's memory, human sacrifice has actually been

performed. Kali is a goddess, who must have human beings to devour. Jack said that all over the pillars of the temple there are sweet carvings of Kali devouring her victims, and of similar pleasant subjects.

The next day Jack went for a walk in the country and a swim in the swimming-tank with Dr. Scudder's nephews, who were at home from school in the hills. In India, English and American boys and girls go to school in summer, when it is too hot to stay on the plains, and have their vacation in winter. Janet was invited to go with a young lady missionary and her native helper or Bible woman to call on three Mohammeden begums or princesses. They could not come to the party, as their father was out of town and there was no way of getting his permission. They were beautiful girls of twelve, fourteen and sixteen. Sixteen is rather old to be unmarried in India, but this father found it difficult to provide his daughter with a husband of high enough rank. The girls recited for Janet in Arabic from the Koran and in English from the Bible. When they recited "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills," Janet exclaimed, "That is my favorite psalm!" and added, "you must be fond of it, too, for the mountains around Vellore are so beautiful." "We have never seen them," said the youngest girl sadly, "for we do not go out." "How do you live shut up in the house all the time? What do you do all day long?" asked Janet. One of the girls sent a maid-servant to bring their sewing. It was the crudest kind of fancy work. They were sewing dresses and tinsel jewels on colored pictures of Hindu goddesses to frame and hang on the walls. They were also trimming their sarees with beads sewed on narrow black velvet.



Photograph by Platé & Co., Ceylon.

Picking Ceylon Tea.

When Janet reached the house again, Jack had just come in from his walk, bringing two nests made by a tailor bird. One, like an oriole's nest, was for the lady-love and the other was a swinging perch for the male to sit on before her door and sing to her. The boys told Jack thrilling stories of the walks they take in the hills and of the snakes they kill up there. A man in the hills once collected all kinds of poisonous snakes to experiment on to find an antidote for cobra-bite, and when he died no one knew what to do with them. Someone set them loose, so that there is an unusually large variety about, even pythons. "I'm glad we don't have to go to school up there," shuddered Janet. "There are mad jackals, too," added Jack, "that bite pet dogs and spread hydrophobia."

The twins hated to leave Vellore, but Mrs. Ferguson was waiting in Madras to see their mother, who was an old friend. In Madras, as in Madura and Vellore, the streets were crowded with picturesque people. Jack and Janet never tired of watching the street life. One day Mrs. Ferguson said that she wanted to show the twins one of her little caste schools. "Caste seems to be very important in India," said Janet. "Why are people high caste and low caste? Is it like rich and poor in America?" "No," answered Mrs. Ferguson. "The caste system is part of the Hindu religion. It is said to have originated in this way: The three greatest Hindu gods are Brahma, the creator, Siva, the destroyer, and Vishnu, the preserver. The story goes that the different castes sprang from the different parts of Brahma. The highest is the Brahmin caste, which sprang from his head. The Brahmins do not work with their hands. All the other castes follow certain

trades. People have to follow the trade of the caste into which they were born and can never rise to another. There are some who belong to no caste at all. These are called pariahs or outcasts. The lowest is the Madiga caste of scavengers.

"I want you to see a scavenger school, but first let us go to the caste school. The scavenger children have to work in the morning. As they must clean up the open sewers that flow through the streets and carry away refuse from houses, their school does not open until eleven o'clock." The caste school was on the roof of a native house. The children looked comfortable and happy, sitting on the floor under an awning doing arithmetic on their slates. The scavenger school was in the courtyard of a native house. The children came straggling in as their work was finished. The teacher, a kind-faced Indian woman, had a boy and girl act out the fable of "The Fox and the Crow." The girl, standing on a bench, was the crow in a tree. The bit of cheese was a pencil, which she held between her teeth and which, at the end, she dropped on the floor. The boy, who was the fox, spoke so dramatically that Jack and Janet could almost understand the Telugu.

Dr. Ferguson has weekly parties for the Telugu students from the college and nearly every day some of them came to play tennis. They spoke perfect English and Jack enjoyed playing with them. One day, while Jack was absorbed in a game, Mrs. Ferguson took Janet to see two high-caste girls, whom she was teaching English. The first was a little girl of ten, the daughter of an educated Brahmin gentleman, who has his M. A. degree from Oxford University. She was a frail little thing, but very bright and eager to

learn. "You must teach her all you can before she is twelve," her father had said, "because then she must be married." "But you won't marry her so soon," protested Mrs. Ferguson, who thought that an educated man, even though a Hindu, might have more advanced ideas than the ordinary Hindus. "It is the custom of the family," was his answer. "She will be married before she is twelve, if a good chance offers," said Mrs. Ferguson, "and perhaps to a man seventy years old, with a dozen other wives." The little girl's mother condescended to come into the room while the guests were there, although it was very contaminating for her to do so, as they were not of her caste. As soon as they were gone, she would have to take a bath and go through a ceremony of purification. She was even so gracious as to give Janet an alabaster image of Ganesha, the elephant god. She took this from a large glass case filled with images, among them an American doll. When the callers left, a servant followed them to the carriage with another present, a tray of beautiful fruit.

The next house was that of an older girl, who, dressed in her best saree and quantities of jewels, was celebrating the day as a festival because she was of age to be married. Her little sister, by way of contrast, was running about in her brown skin and a string of beads. "Her clothing has been taken off and put away, because we would contaminate it so that it would have to be washed. It will be easy to give the child a bath," explained Mrs. Ferguson.

From Madras the family took a trip to Nellore, where there is a wonderful Baptist Mission. There, in a beautiful compound, the missionaries are doing all

sorts of things. Some take care of sick people in an immaculate, model hospital, others teach in the girls' elementary and high schools, others have a Bible school where Christian girls are trained to be missionaries to their own people. One of the most interesting things of all to Jack and Janet was the little school in the palem or village just outside the compound wall. The Indian schoolmaster has to collect his pupils and bring them to school every morning, as there is no clock in the village and no money to buy a school-bell. The schoolhouse is of mud, with a thatched roof, and the children sit on the ground. They learn to sing, and listen earnestly to the teacher.

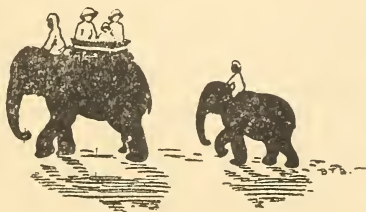
The compound school is more up-to-date. There the children learn to speak English in the kindergarten and study much as American children do. Another interesting work is Mrs. Downie's Home for Blind Women. In the compound, not far away, there is a boys' high school, where science and other higher branches are studied.

When the twins went back to Madras, Mrs. Ferguson had a surprise for them, an invitation to dine with an Indian Christian family. They sat on the floor, with large plantain leaves before them for plates, and a brass jar with water. The hostess piled some rice on each leaf and put some curry on it. Around it she spread various condiments. (To be pucca or genuine Indians Jack and Janet should have eaten with their fingers, but not having learned to do that daintily they brought their own spoons and forks.) Everything was delicious but so peppery that the twins ate with the tears streaming down their cheeks and they took frequent mouthfuls of plantain and drinks of water to

cool their throats. After the feast there was a lovely moonlight drive along the beach.

The next day was Sunday and three young men were to be baptized at the church, the first converts from a palem, where missionaries have been working for over twenty-five years. It means persecution for anyone to become a Christian in that village, where the people are unusually superstitious and bigoted. If it were known that the baptism was to take place, every means would be taken to keep the men from getting out of the village. Two arrived in time, but the other was late. Everyone was breathless with fear that he had been detained by his relatives, but finally he arrived triumphant. After the baptism the men had to stay in some temporary quarters arranged for them on the compound, as it would have been too dangerous for them to return to the palem until the anger of the people had cooled. When their relatives came the next day to scold and bewail, because the men had broken their caste, they received as an answer, "We belong to a much higher caste than you now. Ours is the Rajah Caste, for we are children of the King."

The next evening the family left Madras and started on their way north.



QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER II.

1. Describe the voyage from Egypt to Ceylon. What Bible story do you know about the Red Sea?
2. Tell what you can about the climate and products of Ceylon.
3. What is Buddhism? Describe a Buddhist priest.
4. What missionary work is being done in Ceylon?
5. What Mission is at Madura? Describe the visit there.
6. Impersonate Jack and describe your visit to the hills.
7. Impersonate Janet and describe your visit to Vellore.
8. What is the Hindu belief about caste?
9. Tell five interesting events in the twins' visit to Madras.
10. What kinds of work are the missionaries doing at Nellore?



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Indian Child in Everyday Dress.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

“For Christ’s sweet sake, I beg an alms;”—
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,
The leper, lank as the rain-blanchèd bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

And Sir Launfal said,—“I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—
Thou also hast had the world’s buffets and scorns,—
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side;
Mild Mary’s Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!”

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet’s brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink,
‘Twas a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
‘Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And ‘twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,

But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
Which mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

CHAPTER III.

LETTERS FROM INDIA.

DURING the rest of the trip through India, the twins were seeing so much that they could scarcely find time to write a line a day in their diaries. Not until they were on the boat bound for Burma, did they have a chance to draw a long breath and think over what they had seen. Just before the steamer left Calcutta, Mr. Howard found a big package of American mail waiting for him at Cook's office. In it were letters for the twins from Miss West and Mr. Cole. As Jack and Janet felt quite in the mood to describe their adventures to someone, they decided to answer the letters at once. Jack said that he would write to Mr. Cole, telling everything that had happened between Madras and Bombay. Janet said that she would write to Miss West, describing the journey from Bombay to Calcutta. Then the two could exchange letters and have the whole story. As there were no other boys and girls on board, the three days' voyage might have seemed dull to the twins, if they had not been so busy writing these letters.

JACK'S LETTER.

S. S. Angora (bound for Rangoon),
Feb. 1, 1914.

Dear Mr. Cole:—

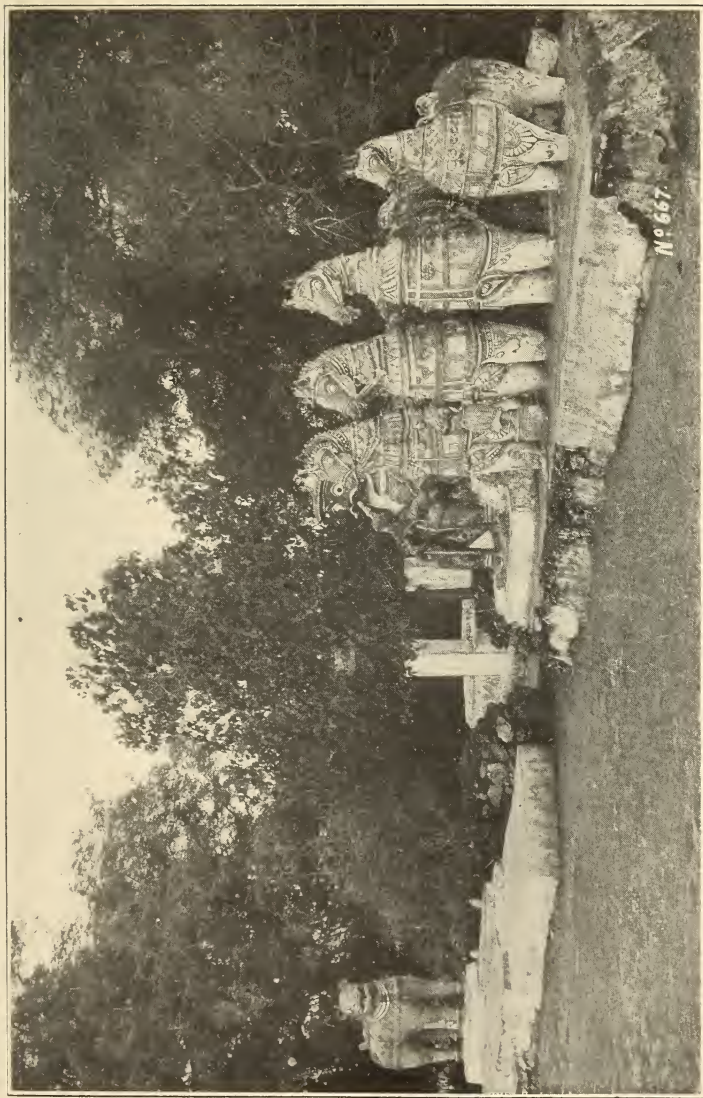
Janet and I were glad to get your letter at Calcutta. We are having a fine trip. I can't tell you about everything, so I am just going to describe what hap-

pened to us between Madras and Bombay. We left Madras at night for Guntur. People like to travel at night in India, because it is not so hot. We had to change cars at Bezwada between two and three in the morning. That is another custom of India. I wish I had counted the sunrises we've seen. I've seen enough to last all the rest of my life. As we stepped off the train, there were some lady missionaries from Guntur on the platform. They had been waiting for us all night, sleeping on a table and some benches in the dirty station. They had a tea-basket and made coffee for us on the train.

We spent the next day visiting the Lutheran Mission at Guntur. We saw a college for men, some schools for girls and a large hospital for women. When Dr. Kugler showed us her beautiful building and the new wing that was being added, I said I was glad to see one woman's hospital that was big enough. Dr. Scudder's is so crowded sometimes that she has to have two layers of patients, one on the beds and another on the floor, like upper and lower berths on a steamer. Dr. Kugler said I would think hers crowded if I went into the dispensary, for two hundred people come there a day for medicine. The Indian lady doctor, who assists Dr. Kugler, takes charge of them. There is a memorial chapel, where the people who have to wait can listen to hymns and helpful talks.

The sick people come from long distances, often hundreds of miles. The relatives and friends, who come with them, don't expect to go home until the patients are well. As there isn't room for them in the hospital, the Rajah gave Dr. Kugler a hotel. He had it built with separate quarters for Hindus, Mohammedans, and Christians. When he comes, he always stays in the Christian part, although he is a Brahmin.

The Rajah is a great friend of Dr. Kugler's, because once she saved his little boy's life. When the prince was brought to the hospital very ill, she took care of him herself, staying with him day and night until he



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Guardians of a Shrine.

got well. The Rajah really believes in the Bible, and has translated the Gospels into poetry to distribute among his friends.

In the afternoon Dr. Kugler gave a party. All the high officials of the town came and brought their wives. The little queen was guest of honor. I didn't see her, as men are not allowed to look at high-caste women. The ladies were entertained in the house and their husbands on the lawn. When the time came for speeches, the women rebelled against staying in the house and missing all the fun. They went out and stood behind some trees, where they could see and hear without being seen. The officials made fine speeches, praising the schools, the hospital, and the missionaries of the Lutheran Mission.

That night we left for Ongole. The mission there is Baptist. The school children were making collections of stamps and butterflies. They have school gardens, where they raise fruit and vegetables. Last year they raised more than enough for their own use and sold them, making several hundred rupees toward expenses. We had some of their papayas and found them very good. We liked the fruits in India. Besides plantains and oranges, we had custard-apples, papayas, pomelos and mangosteens. Mangoes were not in season. We had guavas and tamarinds, too, in jelly.

Besides the schools at Ongole, we saw a fine college for men, a large church, and Buckingham Canal, which one of the early missionaries, Dr. Clough, influenced the Government to build in the great famine, to give people work. The famines are terrible in India. When the crops fail, food is so high that people starve by thousands, because they cannot afford even one meal a day, which is all they ever have. Wages in India are only five cents a day. We went up on Prayer-meeting Hill, where Dr. and Mrs. Jewett once prayed that all the country, as far as the eye could see, might some day be Christian. About twenty-five years

later their prayer was answered, and today there are sixty-five thousand Christians in that district.

We arrived at Kavali late on a bright moonlight night. Kavali is a little native town, with no Europeans or Americans except the Bullard family. Mr. and Mrs. Bullard are missionaries of the Baptist Board, who have been preaching in that section for years. When their daughter finished her education in America she came back to help her father and mother.

In that district the British Government has always had trouble with the Erukalas, a wild gypsy tribe. The men wander about, stealing from fields and houses, and the women and children are professional beggars. The Government could do nothing with them, and as it was expensive to keep the men in jail all the time for stealing, it was thought best to send them to work in the tin mines, a long way off. One night Miss Bullard heard wailing outside. She went out and found the women at the compound gates. She comforted them by promising to ask the Government not to send the men away. The very next day she went to the officials and asked if they could not change their plan and keep the people together. The officials suggested that Miss Bullard take the whole tribe and try to reform them. They said that Government would stand behind her with money and police protection. She accepted the offer and was given six hundred and fifty criminals, a quarry and four hundred acres of land to enlarge the compound.

She first had the people build a village for themselves on the new land. It has broad, clean streets and neat mud houses, which seem like palaces to the wild people. They have never lived in houses before. When in need of shelter, they used to put four sticks in the ground and throw a mat over them. The old people look wild enough with their long, matted hair and wicked eyes, but the children are more civilized. They go to school and learn to be honest. Their parents are quite proud of them. Everyone is busy, the

children in school and the older people at their trades. Father was amazed at the number of industries that Miss Bullard has started in the village. Some of the people make aluminum ware and pottery. Some make street brooms of fibre to send to London. Others weave the cotton cloths which are worn by the villagers. The rest work in the stone quarry. The feeble old people, who have to stay at home, sit on the ground before their houses, making straw mats. In a year and a half the idle, lawless tribe has become a peaceful, busy colony. Miss Bullard very seldom has to call the police to help her. It is too much to expect that the older people are going to be entirely made over. They are so accustomed to going out in the night to steal, that roll is called in the village three times between sunset and sunrise to keep them at home. The children are having a better chance than their parents ever had and are going to be all right. Father told Miss Bullard that he was proud of an American girl, who could succeed in a task that was too much for the British Government. He thought the officials showed great confidence in American missions in being willing to let her attempt it. She said the experiment has been so satisfactory that several other missions have been asked to take tribes to reform.

We spent the next day at Bangalore, where there is a language school for new missionaries. British, Canadian and American missionaries go there to study the languages they need for their work. I asked one of the students how many languages are spoken in India—I already knew of four,—Telugu, Tamil, Hindustani and Cannarese. He said one hundred and forty-seven in all India, but that he was pretty busy trying to get the hang of just one of them.

We left Bangalore that night and arrived at Miraj the next. Dr. Wanless came to the station in his automobile and took us to his house in the Presbyterian Compound, six miles away. There isn't an English or

American person in Miraj except the missionaries. After chota the next morning, Mary Richardson came over from the next house with an invitation from her father and mother to breakfast at eleven. She was delighted to find that Janet was her own age, for she had not seen an American girl for nearly a year. Janet went off with her and I went to the hospital with Father and Mother. As the caste rules are not strictly kept in that part of India, Dr. Wanless can take both men and women into his hospital. He is famous all over India as a surgeon and as a specialist in eye diseases. There are so few doctors in India that the average distance that Dr. Wanless's patients come is two hundred miles. I said I didn't see why he didn't get more doctors over from America. He said he was trying to, but that while Americans are waking up to the fact that they are needed, he is training Indian doctors. Then he opened the door into a class-room. Dr. Vail, a young American in a white suit, was explaining a skeleton to a group of Indian medical students. He excused the class, and offered to take us over to the Richardson bungalow, as it was nearly breakfast time. He asked us to go with him to the leper asylum that afternoon. Mother was afraid it would be dangerous, but Dr. Vail said that leprosy is not contagious, but infectious. There would be no danger, if we did not touch the people. Father and Mother decided to go and Dr. Vail said he would call for us at four o'clock.

We had a fine breakfast with the Richardsons and Mr. Richardson told us stories about his preaching tours. Mary and Janet dressed up in sarees and bangles to look just like Indian girls. Some of the Indian girls are very pretty.

At three o'clock Miss Patterson, who has charge of training the nurses, came over to take us to tiffin at her house. She has a little Indian prince living with her. His father is afraid that he will be poisoned at

home by one of the wives, who is jealous because he is heir instead of her son. He is only six years old, but he brought a retinue of servants and his own carriage and pony. Miss Patterson says that the child alone would be no trouble, but that his servants are a great care.

After tiffin Dr. Vail came in his new automobile, which is a present from the Maharajah, so that the doctor can get to him quickly if he should be sick. Father said, "The native rulers, as well as the British Government, seem to appreciate the missionaries." Dr. Vail said, "Everyone appreciates Dr. Wanless. The Parsees wanted to build a big hospital in Bombay and have him take charge of it. As there are other doctors there and none in Miraj, he refused to go. Since he would not come to them, the Parsees are coming to him, for now they have decided to build the hospital in Miraj opposite the Presbyterian Compound."

As we drove out to the leper settlement, there were huts made of straw along the roadside, where people seemed to be camping. Dr. Vail said that the people had fled from plague-infested villages and were camping until it was safe to go home. This kind of plague seems to attack only the natives. Europeans almost never have it. Janet and I did not want to see the lepers very much, because we had already seen some begging in the streets in Madras and they were dreadful looking creatures. The Government ought to shut them up somewhere, but the people can't understand why they should be shut away from their friends. They say that they have done nothing wrong, but are just unfortunate. The missionaries have started asylums for them and try to relieve their sufferings. The lepers were so pleased to see us that we were glad we had come. They showed us their clean little houses and their nice church and made us admire their children. We did not stay very long, as we had to get back to dinner at Dr. Wanless's house.

The next morning we started for Ahmednugger or

Nugger, as it is called for short. We had been traveling so much at night that it was rather interesting to have a day trip. It was pretty hot and we had to be careful, even in the train, not to sit where the sun would shine on us. There are sun shields like metal awnings over the train windows. The country was dry and dusty. There were few trees or houses. The only things to brighten the dreariness of our ride were the bright clothing of the natives at the stations and the brilliant birds that flashed through the brown fields.

We arrived at Ahmednugger in the late afternoon. Mrs. Clark, a friend of mother's, met us. Her husband is a missionary of the American Board. They have three nice children. Mr. Clark has a little automobile just big enough for one person. He goes out in it every day to preach to the people in the country.

Dr. Hume, another missionary, offered to act as our guide at Ahmednugger. As we were there on Sunday, the industrial school was closed, but we went through the buildings and met Mr. Churchill, who has charge of that work. He is great. His son, who is about my age, is coming to America next year to school and is going to visit me. His father is an inventor. He has a standing offer from an automobile company of ten thousand dollars a year, but he won't give up his mission work, even though the salary is so small. He has invented a loom, which is "fool-proof." It is so simple that anyone can take it apart and put it together again. It has doubled the output of cotton cloth. All the parts are standardized and sold at low cost. The students make the looms and weave on them. They also make beautiful rugs from Persian patterns, besides furniture and metal articles.

Dr. Hume took us into the new church. The only decoration is the conventionalized lotus flower. The Mohammedans are so shocked at pictures in a church that it is better not to have anything but flower designs. The Moslem's religion teaches that it is

idolatry to make pictures or images of men or animals. We met the leading poet of West India, Mr. Tilak. He was teaching a class of young men in a tower room of the church. He writes hymns and has written a song, which he hopes will be the national song of India. Isn't it funny that there is no national song except "God Save the King"?

In the afternoon we went to Sunday school at the girls' boarding school. Mr. Tilak led the singing of his own hymns and of the national song, which is called "Our Dear India." It is the first Indian singing I have heard that I'd care to listen to. The Indian idea of good singing is usually to make a lot of noise. After Sunday school mother and Janet went with Dr. Hume's daughter, Dr. Ruth Hume, and her partner, Dr. Proctor, to see their hospital for women. Father and I went back to the house to look after the luggage, as we were going to take a train to Bombay after tea. When Janet came back, she said she had seen a baby, who was at the hospital to be cured of the opium habit. I said, "What next?" Mother said it was true, and that it is not uncommon for babies to be brought to the doctor with the habit. Their mothers have to work in the fields and take the babies with them. The babies are given a dose of opium to keep them quiet, while the mothers are at work. After a while the poor little things are in such a condition that they are brought to the hospital.

We went to the station after tea and arrived at Bombay early the next morning. This is the longest letter I ever hope to write. It has taken me nearly three days. I can mail it this afternoon at Rangoon.

With best regards to you and the school, I am

Yours sincerely,

JACK HOWARD.

P. S. Father helped me recall some of the things I have told you and I copied some from my notebook.

I am going now to see the animals. There are cages of monkeys, bears and leopards on the forward deck. I like to watch the natives down there, too. They make themselves comfortable by sitting on their heels. One has a beard dyed bright orange.

JANET'S LETTER.

S. S. Angora,
February 1, 1914.

Dear Miss West:—

We enjoyed your letter ever so much and are glad you have not forgotten us. Jack and I think of you whenever we write in the diaries you gave us. That is all the writing we have done lately.

As Jack is telling Mr. Cole about our journey from Madras to Bombay, I am going to tell you about the last part of the trip through India.

We have become very much interested in missions. There are no art galleries in India, and most of the temples are not beautiful or they are so bad that visitors are not admitted. The country is hot and barren but fascinating on account of the people in their bright-colored clothes. In our visits to the missionaries we learned about the life of these people.

At Bombay we stayed with Miss Millard of the Congregational Women's Board. She took us to her industrial schools for the blind. Some of the teachers are blind. We saw a little, lame, blind girl, teaching a class of smaller girls to read raised letters. In the industrial classes these children string beads for necklaces and curtains. The older boys make beautiful baskets and wicker furniture. Miss Millard also took us to see a co-educational high school of the American Board, where the principal, Mr. Hazen, has the boys and girls pay their tuition by doing industrial work.

Bombay is a magnificent city. We saw people in the streets who do not look like the other Indians. They

have thin, intellectual faces and olive complexions. Their costume is different, too. The men wear long, loose coats, and black patent-leather domes on their heads with gold stars painted on them. The women wear short sarees drawn up over their heads and little lace overskirts. Father said these people are Parsees. Would you like to hear what I have learned about the Parsees? They are not natives of India. Their ancestors came from Persia to India in the seventh century, when the Moslems conquered Persia. Their religion is even older than Buddhism. It was founded by Zoroaster, who lived so long ago that no one is sure just when he did live. The Parsees are called fire-worshippers, because, when they pray, they face the fire, the sun, or any other luminous object. They say that they believe in one God, the Creator and Holy One, and that fire is the most perfect symbol of this God. They keep sacred fire burning in a vase on a stand in a special room of the house. Even the household fire is never allowed to go out. There are temples besides, where priests guard the eternal fire, which was brought from Persia centuries ago. There are only about one hundred thousand Parsees in the world. Nearly all live in or near Bombay. There are two hundred millions of Hindus. I wish it were the other way around. Parsee women are not shut up in zenanas or harems like Hindu and Moslem women, but are as free as the men. There are women lawyers and doctors, for the Parsees are educated and cultured. They are rich and fond of founding schools, hospitals and charities in Bombay. You probably know all about the Parsees already, but I have told you this to show you how much we are learning every day.

I wonder if you know anything about the Jains? They are Hindus, who worship animal life. They wouldn't kill a mosquito, for fear the soul of one of their ancestors might be in it. There is a Jain hospital for animals in Bombay, where sick dogs, monkeys, and other animals are cared for.

We went for a drive on Malabar Hill to see the Hanging Gardens and the Towers of Silence, which the Parsees build for their dead. Father says that the Parsee's religion teaches that cremation or burial is wrong, as the dead pollute the sacred fire or the earth, which is also sacred. That is why the bodies are exposed in towers, open to the sky, so that vultures may swoop down and dispose of the flesh.

We also drove on the Apollo Bunder, a broad, white boulevard, which curves along beside the beautiful harbor. There is an island in the harbor, where tourists go to visit the Elephanta Caves.

Our train left Bombay at night. We changed cars early in the morning at Baroda for Delhi. As you go north in India, it is very dusty and hot in the daytime, but in the early morning it is quite cool. The crowds at the railroad stations are more picturesque than ever then, for all the men wear bright orange, red, or pink India shawls wrapped around their heads and thrown over one shoulder. At Baroda we saw something new, a bedquilt parade, for there it seemed to be the fashion to wear coats and trousers made of flowered bedquilts, which looked warm but very funny.

We were sorry there wasn't time at Baroda to see the Methodist mission, where the great camp meetings are held.

Delhi is about an hour's ride from Baroda. It is the new capital of India. Father says that the British Government decided to move from Calcutta to Delhi in 1911, partly because Delhi is more central than Calcutta and partly to please the Indian people. Delhi was their old capital under the Mogul Emperors. We stayed there only long enough to visit the Mosque of Shah Jehan, the Mutiny Monument, and the Peacock Throne. Then we took a train to Agra, the place in all India that Jack and I wanted most to see. We arrived at about five. As father thought we would have time to see the Taj Mahal before dark, we drove over from the station before going to the hotel. We



Photograph by N. R. Waterbury.

Fakir on a Bed of Spikes.

were so glad we saw it first at sunset. Mother told us the story of Shah Jehan and his favorite wife. The Taj Mahal, the most beautiful building in the world, is her tomb.

The next day we went to the fort. It is built of red sandstone. Inside are the Pearl Mosque and the palace, where Shah Jehan kept his wives. These buildings are of white marble, finely carved and inlaid like the Taj Mahal with colored stones in flower designs. We sat in the loggia, where Shah Jehan loved to sit, after his favorite wife died, and look across the river to her tomb. We took a long drive to Secundra to see the Tomb of Akbar, his grandfather. Isn't it strange that there are so few really beautiful Hindu buildings? The Moslem buildings are nearly always attractive.

From Agra we went by night to Lucknow. There we saw Isabella Thoburn College, the only Christian college for women in India. It was founded by the Women's Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is named for the first president. One of her pupils, a beautiful girl, called Lilavati Singh, became the next president. Now Miss Robinson is at the head. It is like an American college. The girls have rooms of their own, instead of sleeping in one large dormitory, as they do in most schools in India. They have Class Day, but instead of planting one tree, every girl in the class plants one. There is a preparatory school for the college. One of the college professors lives in the dormitory with the girls. She has started camp-fire clubs for them. All of the girls speak English and most of them are Christians. One thing I noticed in India is the difference in the appearance of Christians and other people. Of course, in America everyone looks more or less alike, but in India you can tell a Christian in a minute by their modest dress and the happy look in their faces. Mother says the reason Christians don't look different in America is that everyone is under Christian influence there. The Ten Commandments are in our blood.

From Lucknow we went to Cawnpore. There we saw the beautiful white marble angel, which marks the well where the Indians threw the bodies of the English in the Mutiny of 1857. An English soldier stands guard over the enclosure. No Indian has ever been allowed inside. At Cawnpore we saw more Methodist schools and we heard about the experiences of the missionaries at the time of the Mutiny. Many were killed, but some escaped. Dr. and Mrs. William Butler, who started the wonderful Methodist Episcopal Mission at Bareilly, hid with others in the mountains until the Mutiny was over. The Moslems wanted to kill every European in India and relied on the Hindus to help them in their Holy War against the Christians. When the Moslems began to break the Hindu idols and to destroy their temples, the Hindus decided that Christian rule was better after all and they welcomed the British back into power.

The Woman's Union Missionary Society has an open-air school at Cawnpore, because tuberculosis is so common. The children sleep on the verandas and have all their classes under the trees, except in the rainy season. They looked so pretty and happy. Don't you wish we could have school out of doors in the spring?

We were invited to Allahabad to see the Presbyterian Mission. There we met a wonderful agricultural missionary, Mr. Sam Higginbottom. Farming is very hard work in India, because for nine months of the year there isn't a drop of rain. The only way to make things grow is to store water in tanks during the rainy season for irrigation. Some of the tanks are nine miles long. The Brahmins, who own a great deal of land and who would like to learn how to get larger crops, come to Mr. Higginbottom. He agrees to teach them on one condition, that they learn to farm by working with their own hands. This is breaking the custom of their caste, but they are so anxious to

learn that they are willing to do even that. Cows in India give from a pint to two or three quarts of milk a day. Mr. Higginbottom is breeding big stock, which give from ten to fourteen quarts. He also shows his students how to save every scrap of straw and grass in silos built underground. Then there is food for the cattle in the dry season and in famine times.

Mr. Higginbottom said he wanted us to see his lepers, because if he had any success in his work, it was partly because of their prayers. They sang for us in their church, and their orchestra played on queer stringed instruments. Over the church door was the Bible verse, "Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers." The sick can be healed, but all that can be done for the lepers is to give them clean, bright surroundings. Father gave the lepers some money to buy candy, and they were so delighted that they followed us to the street, singing and dancing and playing their queer instruments. The pilgrims going by shouted, "Victory to the Ganges." The lepers answered by singing louder and more earnestly their hymn, "Victory to Jesus."

I forgot to say that as our train came near Allahabad, we noticed crowds of people hurrying along the roads. Each one carried a little brass jar. We found out afterwards that they were pilgrims on their way to the Mela, a great Hindu festival. The Hindus think that if they bathe at a certain season of the year at the meeting place of the Jumna, the Ganges, and a river, which they say flows underground, their sins will be washed away. The Ganges is sacred anyway, but at this spot it is most holy.

Mr. Edwards, who is a professor in Ewing Christian College, took us to see the bathing. Thousands of pilgrims were hurrying to the water, where thousands were already bathing and filling their brass jars with the holy water. Beside the road sat fakirs or holy men with nothing on but ashes and yellow paint. One

fakir was sitting on a bed of spikes. Another was suspended over a fire. Others pretended to be absorbed in sacred books. They all looked very silly, and people were giving them money for being so holy. There were bazaars and men followed us with beads and peanuts for sale. Priests walked about, holding umbrellas over the sacred cows to keep the sun off. It was more like a circus than anything, only it made you feel sad. After bathing and washing their clothes, the people spread the clean clothes to dry in the blazing sun and some of the pilgrims performed pooja before the brass jars of Ganges water. That means they fell on their faces and worshipped them.

We met a pleasant old gentleman at the festival, with a big bundle of tracts under his arm. He had a white beard and such a kind face. It was Dr. Lucas, a Presbyterian missionary, who does evangelistic work. He said he came every day to the Mela to get acquainted with people and help them if he could. I think it would be easy for him to make friends.

Mrs. Ewing, the widow of Dr. Ewing, for whom the college is named, invited us to dinner. She also invited five or six young men, just out of college in America, who are teaching for three or five years in Ewing College. They are called short-term missionaries. They live in the dormitory with the Indian students. The President of the college, since Dr. Ewing died, is Dr. Janvier. Mrs. Ewing stayed in Allahabad after Dr. Ewing's death to do the lovely things that the regular missionaries would like to do if they had time. Mother thinks there ought to be an extra person like her in every mission. We saw her teaching a little class of children on her veranda the next morning.

From Allahabad we went to Benares, the most sacred city of the Hindus. There we took a guide and carriage and visited the Cow Temple and the Golden Temple. Then we went on the Ganges in a boat to see the ghats, as the steps and platforms that lead



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Decorating her Dooryard for a Hindu Festival.

down the steep banks to the water are called. The burning ghats are the platforms where the Hindus burn their dead. We saw a dead body ready for burning, lying with its feet in the sacred river, and a funeral pyre beside it burning two people. We could just see through the smoke and flames two bundles of white and of red, one above the other with sticks between. The greatest bliss that can come to a Hindu is to die in Benares, so that his ashes may be thrown into the Ganges. Close to the pyres people were bathing and brushing their teeth and drinking Ganges water. People who die of smallpox are thrown into the river without being burned. I shouldn't care to eat fish in Benares. We went from the burning ghats past the priests with their cows and their umbrellas to the brass bazaar. As we were walking past the booths to see where we could find the best and cheapest things, we heard wild shrieks, and a man came running up the dirty, narrow street with blood streaming from the back of his neck. He passed near enough to touch us. We were so frightened that we went to the station and took the next train to Calcutta.

I didn't like Calcutta. It is a fine city, with broad streets and good stores, but we saw horrid sights there. The name Calcutta comes from Kalighat, which is a horrible Hindu Temple of Kali. Since the English have put a stop to human sacrifice, goats are offered to the goddess every morning. We went to Kalighat just after a thousand goats had been killed. Their heads and entrails were lying about everywhere. Crowds of beggars and lepers were there carrying away parts that they could use. The priest said that the sacrifice helps the poor people and is a charitable institution. If I were the people I would rather be helped in some other way than by being allowed to pick up remnants of dead goats. The priest spoke perfect English and looked like an educated man, who should know better. When we tried to go, he would not

let us until we had given him all the rupees we had for looking at his dreadful temple.

Near Calcutta is Serampore, where William Carey lived. Of course, I knew that he was one of the first Protestant missionaries to India, but I did not know before quite how wonderful he was. He was a cobbler, who lived in England. He went to India in 1793. He translated the Bible, or parts of it, into twenty-eight Indian languages. It makes me ashamed to think how much fuss I make over one page of French. The British East India Company employed him as their interpreter. With his indigo plantation and his printing press he earned one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which he spent on buildings for the mission. We saw his college and it is as large and fine as many of the new mission buildings. Father bought a paper-weight made from the wood of a mahogany tree planted by William Carey. Think how old it is. Did you know that the hymn we sing sometimes in church, "O, thou my soul, forget no more," was written by the first convert of Carey's mission?

From Calcutta we took a wonderful trip to Darjeeling, to see the Himalaya Mountains. It took twenty hours to go and twenty hours to return to Calcutta. The time we spent on the train was almost as long as our stay in Darjeeling, for we had to hurry back to catch the boat for Burma. Fortunately, we had clear weather for seeing the highest mountains in the world. Mt. Everest is the highest, twenty-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine feet. The most beautiful peak is Kinchinjunga, which is pure white and which rises twenty-eight thousand, one hundred and fifty-six feet above sea level. It is like the Jungfrau in Switzerland, people say, but more than twice as high. The height of the Jungfrau is thirteen thousand, seven hundred and eighteen feet. I used to think Mt. Washington pretty high, but six thousand, two hundred and eighty-

eight feet seem nothing now. It seemed good to see so much snow, for we have missed it this winter.

As this letter is pretty long, perhaps I'd better close. We came on board this boat at Calcutta and expect to land at Rangoon today.

With ever so much love to you and the class, I am

Yours lovingly,

JANET HOWARD.



QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER III.

1. What mission is at Guntur? Describe the visit there.
2. What missions are at Ongole and Kavali? Tell the story of the Erukals.
3. What did Jack find out at Bangalore?
4. Describe the mission at Miraj.
5. What different kinds of mission work did the twins see at Ahmednugger?
6. To what schools did Miss Millard take the Howard family at Bombay? What interesting facts do you know about the Parsees and the Jains?
7. What famous college is at Lucknow? What schools are at Cawnpore?
8. What new kind of mission work did the twins see at Allahabad? What else did they see there?
9. Why are Agra, Delhi, Cawnpore, Benares and Serampore famous?
10. From what does Calcutta take its name?



Javanese Malay Girl.

THE PALM TREE

Is it the palm, the cocoa-palm,
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm?
Or is it a ship in the breezeless calm?

A ship whose keel is of palm beneath,
Whose ribs of palm have a palm-bark sheath,
And a rudder of palm it steereth with.

Branches of palm are its spars and rails,
Fibres of palm are its woven sails,
And the rope is of palm that idly trails!

What does the good ship bear so well?
The cocoa-nut with its stony shell
And the milky sap of its inner cell.

What are its jars, so smooth and fine,
But hollowed nuts, filled with oil and wine,
And the cabbage that ripens under the Line?

Who smokes his nargileh, cool and calm?
The master, whose cunning and skill could charm
Cargo and ship from the bounteous palm.

In the cabin he sits on a palm-mat soft,
From a beaker of palm his drink is quaffed,
And a palm-thatch shields from the sun aloft!

His dress is woven of palmy strands,
And he holds a palm-leaf scroll in his hands,
Traced with the Prophet's wise commands!

The turban folded about his head
Was daintily wrought of the palm-leaf braid,
And the fan that cools him of palm was made.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun
Whereon he kneels when the day is done,
And the foreheads of Islam are bowed as one!

To him the palm is a gift divine,
Wherein all uses of man combine,—
House and raiment, and food, and wine!

And, in the hour of his great release,
His need of the palm shall only cease
With the shroud wherein he lieth in peace.

“Allah il Allah!” he sings his psalm,
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm;
“Thanks to Allah who gives the palm!”

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM PAGODA LAND TO THE LION CITY.

I DID not realize that Burma would be such a contrast to India," said Mr. Howard on the first day in Rangoon. "What a relief it is to see a fertile country and cheerful, prosperous people!"

"One always feels the difference after India," said Major Stevenson, an English acquaintance of the hotel and steamer. "If you had come here first, you would not have been so impressed. You found India, no doubt, fascinating but depressing. Famine and poverty, combined with the horrible religion of Hinduism, make the atmosphere of that country positively tragic."

"Buddhism is, after all, a great improvement on Hinduism," said Mr. Howard thoughtfully. "Its teachings are moral and it has no caste system."

"O, yes," said his friend. "Gautama did his best to help India to have purer beliefs, but failed utterly. It seems strange that Buddhism has never been accepted by the founder's own people, when it has gained so many followers in other countries. I suppose you are going first to see the Buddhist worship at Shwe Dagon. Everyone does. Why not let me take you? I never tire of the crowd there."

"Do take us," begged Jack and Janet, who were listening. "We are all ready to go now." As the older people were quite willing to start at once, a garry was called and the party was soon on its way to the famous pagoda. After a short drive, the garry stopped at the foot of a steep, stone stairway with an imposing

entrance, guarded by two strange stone animals. Mr. and Mrs. Howard and the twins followed their guide, as he stepped out of the garry, and, passing between the gryphons, began to climb the long, wide flight of steps.

Jack and Janet thought this the most interesting stairway they had ever seen. All the way up on either side, people sat on the steps with their wares spread out before them. These consisted of fruit, flowers, food, and other articles suitable for offering to the idols. Many of the venders were capable-looking women, smoking enormous, white cheroots. "Women have a more important place here than in India," said the Englishman. "They carry on a great deal of the business, as you see." The twins saw crowds of worshippers going up the steps or coming down. Among these were groups of Buddhist priests and nuns, with shaved heads and yellow robes, pilgrims from other countries, and Burmans in tight silk or cotton skirts of various tints and short, loose jackets of thin, white cotton. The men wore colored silk scarves tied around their heads, with a corner standing out jauntily on one side. The women had similar scarves thrown carelessly about their shoulders. Their smooth, black hair was drawn straight up into a high, shining coil on top of the head, with a few delicate flowers to soften the severe effect. Many of the men and women carried painted paper parasols, and had brought sheaves of creamy roses or white lilies to offer to the idols. Children, dressed about like their parents, were also in the throng that was moving up and down. The steps are protected from the sun by a canvas awning. At the top the tourists and worshippers came out

into a wide, open space, flooded with sunlight, and found themselves standing before the graceful, golden spire of Shwe Dagon. Around it are smaller pagodas and many shrines. A pagoda is not entered like a temple. It is a solid monument. The idols are outside in the shrines. These have open fronts, so that the worship is all out of doors in the sunshine. Hundreds of images of Buddha stand in the shrines at Shwe Dagon, all with long ears, the sign of truthfulness, and a vacant smile. The worshippers light candles before them and kneel with their offerings of flowers. All idolatry is sad, but compared to the disgusting scenes at Kalighat, the worship at Shwe Dagon is beautiful.

After seeing the pagoda, Major Stevenson suggested a drive about the city. Rangoon is a fine, modern city with broad, paved streets and stone business blocks. The houses of Europeans and wealthy natives are quite different from the low plaster bungalows of India. They are built of teak and stand on stilts, eight or ten feet above the ground, in order to be high and dry in the rainy season. Teak is a wood so hard that white ants do not eat it. Many of the houses are set in lovely grounds, with flowering trees and bamboo shrubbery.

The twins were amused to see the primitive way in which the streets of so modern a city are watered. Indian coolies run along, balancing bamboo poles on their shoulders, with watering pots, made of Standard Oil cans, swinging from the ends. The servants in Burma are imported from India, for the Burmans are either too well off or too proud and lazy to be servants. The policemen are Indian Sikhs, or men of the warrior

caste. They are larger than the other Indians and look very fierce and striking with their bushy beards and striped turbans. The Telugus and Tamils in Rangoon form fully one-half the population. The Burmans look down upon them and almost never marry among the Indians. They often marry Chinese, who are nearly related, the Burmans having come originally from Thibet.

It was fortunate that Major Stevenson was familiar with Rangoon and the language of the Indian garry drivers, who know no tongue but their own and who do not even take the trouble to learn the names of the main streets. They expect you to keep popping your head out of the window like a jack-in-the-box to shout directions. The poor Major was in danger of losing his pith hat and dislocating his neck in some of his hasty efforts to get his head out of the little window. He explained that "dinah" was not the driver's name, but that it means "to the right." Jack wrote it in his diary as a useful word to know in Burma.

After driving through Dalhousie Park, in whose beautiful lake are reflections of the golden pagoda, rising out of the tree-tops, the twins were taken to see an elephant at work in a sawmill. He pushed and raised the heavy teak timbers with his trunk as easily as if they were chips. A half-naked Indian scrambled on and off his back directing the work in a jargon that the animal seemed to understand. The elephant kneeled and salaamed to the twins, when they went away.

As Janet admired the pretty painted parasols, which the Burmans carry, the garry went next to a village, where people were making them. It stood in a grove

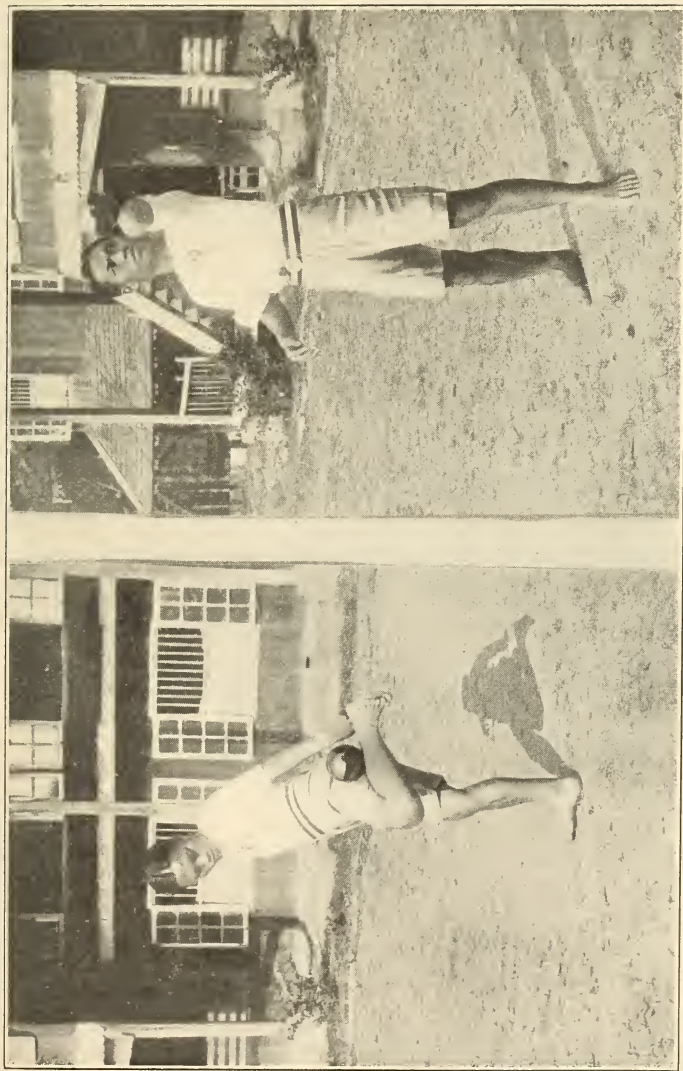
of bamboos and had only one street. The houses were of bamboo with thatched roofs and were raised on stilts, not only on account of the rains, but to provide a place for animals to live under them. In front of the houses freshly painted parasols were drying in the sun. They were all so lovely that it was hard to choose among them, but Janet finally decided that the very prettiest was a cream-colored one with pink and blue flowers, and her father bought it for her.

Jack was more interested in post-cards than in parasols and asked if there wasn't a place on the way back to the hotel where he could buy some views of the pagoda. The garry stopped in front of a fine-looking store, with a window full of cards and books. It was the shop of the American Baptist Mission Press. Mr. Phinney, the missionary printer and publisher, asked Jack to come and see the work-rooms behind the shop. He found them larger and even more interesting than those of the Nile Press. Mr. Phinney said that William Carey's son first brought the printing-press to Burma. He told Mr. Howard that most of the mission work in Burma is supported by the American Baptists. The Methodists are doing splendid work, too, but the Baptists were there over half a century before them. He was so glad to hear how interested the Howards had become in the missions of the countries they had been visiting and offered to show them what is being done in Rangoon. "Come with me tomorrow," he said, "and see Rangoon Baptist College and Kemendine Girls' School. They are the greatest sights in the city." Major Stevenson knew all about the college. The President, Dr. St. John, was a friend of his. "I meant to point out the buildings," he said. "We

passed them, but the driver took all my attention just at that moment." Mr. Phinney's invitation was accepted and the Howard family spent not only the next day but several others with the missionaries.

Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong, who have charge of schools and churches for Telugus and Tamils in Rangoon, Moulmein, Bassein and Mandalay, first took the party to see their work. This visit was like a festival, for the students had beautiful wreaths of pink and white roses ready for the guests, besides great bouquets of roses. The twins were especially interested in the kindergarten and astonished at the English the children had been taught by the superintendent, Miss Armstrong. It was almost uncanny for such little mites, not only to answer Bible questions in perfect English but to know all about isosceles and equilateral triangles, hypotenuses, and so on. Miss Armstrong also has a private school for wealthy Burman boys and girls, whom she prepares for schools and universities in England. She hopes that with their unusual opportunities they will come back to help their country.

The visit to Miss Sutherland and Miss Eastman at Kemendine was another festive occasion, for the school girls repeated a beautiful drill, prepared especially for the Judson Centennial, which had just taken place in Burma. People came all the way from America to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the coming of Judson, the first missionary to Burma. Some of the girls wore pink silk skirts and pale blue scarves over their white jackets. The others wore blue silk skirts and pale pink scarves. Each girl carried a great wreath of pink paper roses and green leaves. The elaborate drill, with these wreaths and scarves, was an



Rangoon College Student Playing Chin-lone.

exquisite sight. "How much prettier those dresses are than our gymnasium suits," sighed Janet. "I wish our teacher at home could see them."

After the drill some of the girls talked to Janet and took her to see their sleeping rooms, with rows of white beds, and their dressing room, with its row of little mirrors and toilet boxes. A Burman girl keeps all her toilet articles and valuables in a lacquered box on the floor. A mirror hangs on the wall behind it, and she kneels on the floor to arrange her hair.

On Sunday the family went to church in Franc's Chapel in the Vinton Memorial Compound and heard the wonderful Karen singing. The Karens are hill people, who are very musical. The chapel is named for a piece of money, which collected other pieces until there was enough to build this beautiful church.

Everything that the missionaries are doing in Rangoon is interesting, but, as Mr. Phinney said, Rangoon Baptist College is perhaps the greatest sight of all. Dr. and Mrs. St. John asked the Howards to come there to a chapel service in Cushing Hall one afternoon, in order that they might see the procession of boys come over from the recitation buildings across the street. The parade of sixteen hundred boys, with bright clothing and gay parasols, marching to lively music played by their own band in the college yard, made a picture to remember. Jack and Janet thought the line of boys going in two by two would never end, but at last they were all inside the hall and the visitors followed them. The singing was wonderful, and the boys' faces were bright and thoughtful.

Besides this college, the Howards saw two theological schools at Insein, a suburb of Rangoon. One is

for Burmans and the other for Karens. In the compound there Jack and Janet noticed a big iron statue of a dog. "Perhaps you would like to hear his history," said one of the missionaries. "It is called the Story of the Iron Dog.

"A missionary, named Mrs. Ingalls, decided that she must have a watch-dog and ordered one sent to her. When the dog came, people were surprised to see that it was made of iron. The Burmans were much amused when Mrs. Ingalls placed the iron dog in front of her house to keep guard. 'Have you seen my new watch-dog?' she would ask her callers. Then people would laugh and say, 'Of what use is an iron dog? He cannot hear the thieves coming and he cannot bark to warn you.' 'He is of as much use as your idols,' the clever little lady would reply. 'They cannot hear your prayers and they cannot help you.' Then she would tell them about the God who hears and answers prayer. 'That dog is one of the most successful missionaries in Burma,' Mrs. Ingalls used to say. After she died, the iron dog was brought to Insein, where he continues to teach his lesson."

The missionaries told Jack and Janet many other interesting stories. Although some of them sounded like fairy tales, they were all true. The one the children liked best is called * the Story of the White Book.

A long time ago, before the first missionaries came to Burma wretched tribes of people, called Karens, were living in the hills in the north. The Burmans on the plains despised and ill-treated them. The Karens feared and hated the Burmans, but their tribes were

*The main facts of this story are taken from "Soo Thah" by Alonzo Bunker DD. Published for the Young People's Missionary Movement by Fleming Re.vell Company

too busy fighting each other and the neighboring tribes, the Chins, Kachins, and Shans, to rebel against their Burman oppressors. It would have been of no use to rebel anyway, for there were four or five times as many Burmans as the Karens and their neighbors put together.

An old legend said that before the Karens lost the White Book they were a strong nation. This book was the gift of Yuah and contained valuable teachings, but as the Karens did not value it enough to read it and to follow the teachings it was taken away from them. If the tribes could only recover the White Book, they would become united and respected again. The White Brother was said to have taken it, but Karen prophets foretold that some day he would remember that it belonged to the Karen Brother and would come across the seas on white wings from the west to return it. Many people were tired of waiting for the White Brother and did not believe he would ever come, but a few still had faith in the prophecy and watched and looked for him.

One day the news spread among the Karens that a white man and woman had come from the west in a ship with white sails, bringing a book. Then, even those who did not believe in the prophecy before, began to think that the White Brother had surely come. All were eager to see the White Book, but someone suddenly remembered that not one of the Karens could read. Their written language had, perhaps, disappeared with the book. The Burmans were more fortunate. They had a written language and a palm-leaf book, containing the teachings of Gautama. But the White Brother had brought a book, which even the

Burmans were unable to read, for it was written in the strange tongue, which he spoke. As soon as he could make himself understood, the White Brother told such wonderful stories from the book that the Karens were sadder than ever that they could not read it from beginning to end. The White Brother made a copy of it in Burmese, but that did not help the Karens.

At last other white men came out of the west and made letters to represent the sounds in the Karen language. They taught the people the letters and wrote the book for them. The Karens had waited too long for the White Book and had suffered too much because of their former neglect of its teachings not to make the best of their opportunities now. Although the book said nothing about how to get rich and strong, the teachings were good and the people accepted them.

As the book told them to be kind to each other, they stopped fighting and had more time to work. They began to build better villages and to meet together to praise Yuah and to read his book. The people of different villages were no longer afraid of each other and all were interested in each other's welfare. The people tried to keep in touch with one another by printing a newspaper, which went even to the most distant villages. Already the Karens were becoming stronger and more united, but the Burmans still treated them scornfully and told the English, who now ruled lower Burma, not to trust the "Karen dogs."

A cruel king, named Theebaw, was reigning at this time in northern Burma. This king enjoyed nothing so much as torturing and killing people. The first thing he did was to have eighty-six of his relatives put to death, so that no one could dispute his right to



Photograph by N. E. Waterbury.
Burman Girls at Morton Lane School.

reign. Then he gave orders for the massacre of four hundred innocent people, but the British troops interfered. There were fewer murders for a time, but before long Theebaw was planning another great massacre. Then the English decided that he was not fit to rule any longer. He was taken prisoner and sent over to India, where he is still living in exile.

When the king was gone, the Burmans evidently missed the excitement, which he had kept up by his cruelties, for they began to imitate him. They formed robber bands, which went through the country plundering and burning defenseless villages and torturing and killing people. These brigands were called dacoits. They were not trying to revenge themselves on the English for deposing their king, for they were quite as cruel to their own countrymen as to their foreign victims. They were just trying to amuse themselves by satisfying their thirst for cruelty and plunder. No one was safe from the dacoits, for even the policemen and high officials joined them. One of the most dreaded was the great Ponghi, a Buddhist priest.

One day the Karen newspaper reported that a Karen village had been burned, and announced that a meeting of delegates from all the others would be held to discuss plans for defense. This was the first time that the Karen tribes had ever met together as one nation. The national assembly was called the Dau-ka-lu, which means "all the clans." At the meeting the delegates decided to ask the English Government to give them arms. In return they promised to clear the country of dacoits within six weeks. The British officials, who had accepted the Burmans' opinion of the Karens, were slow in answering the request, but they could not

refuse protection to defenseless people and finally gave them the guns. They did not expect that the Karens could keep their promise, because the dacoits so greatly outnumbered the hill men. But the Karens did keep it, for they were now united while the dacoits were split up into bands hostile to each other. Within a very short time the great Ponghi had been captured and all the others on whose heads large prices were set. The British officials then saw that they had been wrong in their estimate of the hill men. The respect and confidence which began at that time have increased more and more since then, for the poor Karens, through their devotion to the White Book, have gradually become a united and prosperous people, as the prophecy foretold.

Some people call Yuah Jehovah and the White Book the Bible. The White Brother was Adoniram Judson, the first missionary to Burma, who translated the Bible into Burmese. Other missionaries, who came later, gave the Karens their written language and translated the Bible for them.

There is a sequel to the Story of the White Book.

The Karens were not so selfish as to keep the White Book just for themselves. If they had been, another wonderful thing would not have happened. The Karen preachers, who went as missionaries to poor tribes in northern Burma and southwest China, discovered people who were much like themselves in appearance and who had some of the same traditions. One of the stories which these people told, was of their brothers who had wandered toward the south many years ago, but who would return some day. The Karens, in turn, had stories of their brothers who had been left behind and lost for many years. The brothers who had so

long been separated had found each other through the White Book. Then the wildest people of Burma and southwest China heard about the White Book through a man of their tribe who visited these brothers of the Karens. The fierce head-hunters were so impressed with the story that they gave up their wild ways and sent messengers to the missionaries asking for the White Book. They even offered to come half-way to meet the missionaries, if they would only come soon.

No one knows where the Karens got the legend, which has been so much to them, and to these other people to whom they have carried the White Book. Three-fourths of the Karens are now Christians. The missionaries told Mr. Howard that they only wished that the Burmans were as ready to accept the Bible as the poor hill men, for it is the Burman people that make up four-fifths of the population of the country. They are so self-satisfied that it is very hard to show them their need of God. Then there are over twenty thousand Buddhist priests, who become rich from the offerings of the Burmans and who naturally do all that they can to keep them Buddhists.

Buddhism in Burma, as in Ceylon, has never taken the place of the earlier Animistic beliefs. The Burmans are nat-worshippers just as much as the hill men, who have become Buddhists. They think that the nats or evil spirits cause all sickness and disaster.

Jack and Janet were interested in the Karen story of the origin of nat-worship. It sounded very much like something they had heard before. Yuah created a man, Thai-nai, and a woman, Ee-u, and placed them in a garden. He told them to eat the fruit of any tree they liked except one. Then he went away, promising

to return on the seventh day. When Yuah had gone, Mu-kaw-lee came to the garden and tempted the man and woman to eat the forbidden fruit. Yuah was so angry that he cursed Thai-nai and Ee-u and left them. Then Mu-kaw-lee taught this man and woman and their children to worship his servants, the nats or demons.

A missionary also told the twins a story called the Boy and the Nat.

A Burman boy was playing chin-lone. He was twisting himself into all sorts of positions, in order to keep the ball in the air without touching it with his hands. He hit it with his elbow, knee, heel, neck, and other parts of his body until he lost his balance and fell. His friends had to help him home, for he had sprained his ankle.

The next day the boy's mother came to the spot where her son had fallen. She carried a tray of rice and decayed fish, the food which the Burmans like best. She set down the tray, dug a hole in the ground with a stick, and buried the food. If anyone had asked her why she did this, she would have said, of course, that the food was for the nat, who lived under the ground and who must have been angry with her son and have caused his fall.

The Burmans, as Buddhists, believe in the transmigration of souls and think that a cat or dog that follows a person is the soul of a relative who has died. They say that animals always attach themselves to their human relatives. On account of this belief, Buddhists are forbidden to take life. They are not always very strict, however, about eating meat if it has been killed by someone else. Fish is eaten with a clear conscience



Dyak Chief and Wife.

because they say that the fish was not killed. It was only taken out of the water.

The missionaries of Rangoon were so kind and entertaining that the Howards were sorry to leave them, but plans had been made for a trip to Moulmein, where there is an important Baptist mission. The train left Rangoon at night and arrived early in the morning at Martaban, which is just across the river from Moulmein. A big ferryboat was waiting for passengers from the train. The Howards were about to follow the others and go on board, when they noticed a little, white launch, tying up to the shore. It was flying the American flag. The sight of the stars and stripes in a foreign land gives every American a queer feeling in his throat. As Mr. Howard stopped to salute the flag, he saw that the people in the launch were waving handkerchiefs and making signs to him. They proved to be the missionaries from Moulmein, who had come with Mr. Darrow in his launch to take their guests across. Mr. Darrow is a missionary to the Talains, who are the oldest inhabitants of Burma. They came from Thibet, like the Burmans, but have a different language.

The twins thoroughly enjoyed the trip across the river. Jack was rapt in Mr. Darrow's story of how he built the launch himself to go up the river to preach in out-of-the-way places. Janet, curled up in a corner, was thinking only of the beauty of the river. Not a breath of breeze stirred the peaceful water. The chugging of the launch sounded loud in the early morning stillness. The native boats passed smoothly and without noise. They were of dark teak, long and narrow, with graceful, carved prows. From the deli-

cate bamboo foliage of the wooded islands and from every hilltop on the main land, golden or white pagodas rise. Janet learned that every Buddhist, who is rich enough, builds a pagoda to "acquire merit." The graceful monuments add greatly to the beauty of the landscape. There are so many that Janet wondered which one Kipling could have meant in his song. She wished she could hear the little bells around their tops, but there was no breeze to stir them.

The river between Moulmein and Martaban is so wide that the crossing took rather a long time, but it did not seem so to the twins, who were both sorry to reach the landing. Carriages were waiting there for the missionaries. Miss Whitehead now took charge of the guests, whom she put into her carriage and sent to the Morton Lane School, she herself following in another. Morton Lane is a school for Burman girls, and is of the same high grade as Kemendine. The large white buildings stand in pleasant grounds on the street for which the school is named. After breakfast Miss Whitehead took the visitors to see the classes. The twins lost their hearts to Ma Thein Mya, the kindergarten teacher, and to the dear little children with their bangs and top-knots. The primary children, too, were wonderfully bright and interesting. The way they were learning English was such fun. The teacher chose a little boy to stand in front of the class and act out things for the others to guess. "What is he doing?" said the teacher in English. "He is cutting the grass," answered the children, or "He is raking up the leaves," or "He is winding up the motor." It was more like a game than a lesson. The older girls were attractive and graceful in their dainty silk skirts and

fresh white jackets. Out of doors they wear thick-soled velvet sandals to protect their bare feet, but when they go into the class-room, these are placed in a neat row outside the door.

Besides this school there are in Moulmein a Karen co-educational school, a Burman boys' high school, Mizpah Hall for Telugus and Tamils, and a Eurasian girls' school. People who are a mixture of European and native blood are called in the East, Eurasians. They usually speak English, but as they are neither English or native, there are often separate schools and churches for them .

In the evening the twins went with the Darrow children to a Christian Endeavor meeting. It was held in the Burman church, which has several hundred members. The girls and boys from the various schools filled the church. The Burman and Karen student choirs took turns in singing in their own languages and in English. It was hard to tell which choir sang more sweetly. The Karens are naturally very musical, but the Burmans sing well, too, with training.

The next day the Burman pastor's wife invited the family to come and see her pretty new house, which the church had built. It is quite like an American summer cottage. Mrs. Ah Siu showed with pride the American stove in her kitchen and the sewing machine upstairs. The missionaries told Mrs. Howard that the immaculate house is a model to all the Burman housekeepers of Moulemein.

The Howards went back to Rangoon by night, as they had come, feeling that the trip to Moulmein had been well worth while. There were other trips that they would have liked to take, if the steamer were not

sailing so soon for Singapore. One was a boat trip up the Irrawady with Mr. and Mrs. Hascall to see the work in the jungle villages. Another was to Bassein to see the Karens' self-supporting church and school. Another was to the interesting city of Mandalay in the north, and to the missions to the Chins and Kachins, and to the Shans, who are the traders seen sitting in the bazaars, wearing funny broad-brimmed sun hats with high pointed crowns. But Mr. Howard said that all these sights must be left for the next visit. Before they realized it, Jack and Janet were on the steamer, sailing straight towards the Equator.

It was a pleasant voyage, although the boat was crowded and the weather hot. The Howards discovered among the passengers fellow travellers of former boats, with whom they could compare shore experiences. In the evening, when everyone dreaded going down to the stifling cabins to sleep, people sat on deck as late as possible, exchanging stories. One evening, as the steamer moved gently on through the calm, moonlit sea, someone remarked, "How safe and dull this voyage is nowadays compared to the times when Malay pirates were the terror of these waters." This was enough to waken Jack from his doze. He started up in his steamer chair at the mention of pirates, like a sleeping dog at the word "bone." "Aren't there any now?" he asked. "What became of them?" "O, after Singapore was founded, piracy was stopped by the British," was the answer. "How long ago was that?" asked Jack. He was ashamed to say that he did not know before that Singapore belongs to England. Even now he was not quite sure in what country it is, but the answer to his last question told him. "Why,

Singapore was bought by England in 1819, and in 1832 was made the capital of the British Straits Settlements in Malaysia. If you look at the map, you will see how important the tiny dot of an island at the tip of the Malay peninsula is to British trade in the East. It lies at the narrow entrance from the Indian Ocean to the South China Sea, as the Rock of Gibraltar does from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mediterranean Sea. When Sir Stamford Raffles came out to Penang as agent of the British East India Company, the Dutch, who had large possessions in Sumatra, Java, and other islands of this Malay Archipelago, monopolized the trade, and the pirates were very dangerous. Raffles saw that if England should buy Singapore and make it a free port, it would be a good thing for the trade of all nations and piracy might be stopped. Government, following his advice, bought the island from the Malays in the year of Queen Victoria's birth. The only inhabitants then were a few hundred Malay fishermen and some Chinese merchants. Today there are two hundred and fifty thousand people of all nationalities in Singapore. Over fifty different languages may be heard on the streets. Raffles is remembered in Singapore as a Christian gentleman, who did as much for the natives of the island as for his own country." "That is very interesting," said Jack, "but I thought you were going to tell a pirate story."

"How would you like to hear about an English explorer's experiences with the wild men of Borneo?" asked a gentleman who had not spoken before. "That sounds exciting," said Jack, with such eagerness that the speaker was encouraged to continue. "It is a very

interesting bit of history," he began. "I am going to call it the Strange Story of Rajah Brooke.

"Sir James Brooke was an Englishman, fond of adventure, who left the Indian Service for the life of an explorer. In the year 1840 he started out in his yacht, equipped with cannon and trusty men, to explore the country of the pirates. Having heard of the savage, head-hunting Dyaks and half-civilized Malays, who inhabited Borneo, he selected that island as a likely spot for exciting experiences. As the boat approached the northern shores of Borneo, the sailors, expecting danger, kept strict watch, but to Sir James's surprise, no attack was made to prevent his party from landing. The explorer penetrated cautiously into the island, wondering that he met no one, but before long it was discovered why the pirates did not molest him. They happened to be engaged in a rebellion against their ruler, the Sultan of Brunei. On paying his respects to the Sultan, Sir James found him a good sort of fellow and offered his cannon and men to help put down the rebellion. The Sultan was so grateful for the timely aid that he made Sir James ruler of the next kingdom in place of a relative, who was not successful in managing his subjects. Sir James proved so wise and kind a king that within a year he was given a deed to the entire kingdom, a strip of rich country along the northern coast, about as large as the whole island of Java or as the state of New York. With it he received the title of Rajah Brooke of Sarawak.

"The strange events which had decreed that he should spend his life at the court of Sarawak were beyond any adventure that Sir James had ever imagined. He made up his mind to make the most of his great

opportunity to develop the country and better the condition of the people. The more he saw of the wild men of Borneo the better he liked them. He felt that with proper treatment, in time they might be tamed. He taught them agriculture and invited missionaries to his court to help him. Since Sir James's death, his nephew has become Rajah. He, too, encourages missionaries to work among the people. A bishop of the Church of England lives at the Court of Sarawak. As there is room for many more than the two millions of natives of this kingdom, the Rajah welcomes colonists. He prefers Christian colonists. In 1901 he lent a large sum of money to a company to bring Christian families from South China, where there are too many people and dreadful famines. Six hundred of these three thousand Chinese colonists are Methodists and have their own missionary from America, Mr. Hoover. The latest innovation is an agricultural missionary, who has brought motor plows and other up-to-date farm machines. These must have astonished the inhabitants, who have always plowed with water buffaloes, which work five hours a day at the rate of a mile and a half an hour.

"It is impossible to finish this story. We can only imagine the happy ending, which it is sure to have, if the future Rajahs Brooke carry out the ideals of their predecessors. There is room for forty or fifty million prosperous Christian people to live in the kingdom of Sarawak, and this is likely to be the happy ending of my narrative."

"That was a mighty good story," said Jack. He wanted to ask for another, but Mrs. Howard rose to

say good night, and the others also remembered that it was time to retire.

All the next day, which was the third one of the voyage, the steamer passed beautiful mountainous islands, covered with trees, and the morning after reached the lovely harbor of Penang. Here the boat lost some of her passengers, who were going to visit the tin mines on the mainland and follow on a later boat. The Howards were content with the day on shore, which this boat allowed them. They found Penang very beautiful, with wide, white roads, bordered by groves of palms. The large, square houses of the English, who own this island as well as Singapore, were not built for beauty but for coolness and comfort. Besides the palm, whose many uses Whittier describes so cleverly, a great deal of rubber is grown. The greatest export is tin. Seven-tenths of the world's tin comes from the Malay peninsula.

The Malays are Mohammedans, but there are as many religions as nationalities in Malaysia. The Howards, in their short stay in Penang, saw both Buddhist and Hindu worship. They found the Chinese Buddhist Temple there very different from the pagoda at Rangoon. After a long ride along a broad, straight road between rows of giant palms, the rickshaws left them at the foot of some wide steps, from which beggars sprang to follow them. At the top of the steps was a small temple, in which a few Chinese were burning paper prayers and shaking fortune sticks. The twins saw a little girl and boy learn to kneel and knock their heads on the ground before the Buddha. At the top of some more steps behind the temple is a Buddha fish pond full of great turtles. Men stand near

it, selling bunches of green weeds to feed them. On the way back to the town the rickshaws passed a Hindu festival. Gigantic wooden figures of the god Siva and his wife and family with men inside were whirling round and round in the road to the music of drums and tom-toms. A crowd of Hindus was gathered about them. After dining at the Hotel Eastern and Oriental, which faces the sea, the family returned to the steamer.

The boat left Penang after midnight and in twenty-four hours landed her passengers at Singapore. Here the Howards were obliged to spend four days waiting for their boat to Hong Kong. At first they were afraid that this was a great waste of time, for it was not long enough for a trip to Java or to any of the other islands, but they soon discovered that Singapore is not only a delightful city but one full of interest. The first day the twins noticed a great many Chinese going about in rickshaws. The ladies were gaily dressed and wore heavy gold jewelry and much paint and powder. They were told at their hotel, which, like everything else, is named for Raffles, that the Chinese were celebrating the New Year and would have their fireworks on the esplanade in front of the hotel in the evening. The twins thought it queer to be celebrating New Year's on the tenth of February. They were much interested in the fireworks and in the crowd that assembled to see them.

Besides the Museum and the Botanical Gardens, the Howards, of course, wanted to see some missions. On enquiring at the Methodist Book Store, they learned that the American missions in Malaysia are all of the Methodist Episcopal Church. They also met there an

interesting missionary, Mr. Denyes, who came to the hotel to take them to see a school for boys, called Oldham Hall. It has fourteen hundred students of many nationalities. Bishop Oldham, for whom the school is named, was the first Methodist missionary to Malaysia.

"When Mr. Oldham came here in 1885," said Mr. Denyes, "there were no American missions in the islands. The Congregationalists tried to start one in 1834 among the wild Battaks of Sumatra, but the two young men, who were sent there, were killed and eaten by the Battaks.

"Our mission was founded by Dr. Thoburn, afterwards made bishop, who left his work in India long enough to bring Mr. Oldham to Singapore and to help him to start a church here. In opening and building up his schools, Mr. Oldham was helped by rich Chinese merchants, who were glad to have their sons receive an English education. Within five years after Mr. Oldham's arrival Woman's Work and the Mission Press had been founded."

The Howards went with Mrs. Denyes to see a school for girls at the Mary Nind Deaconess Home on the hill and to another, where Mrs. Denyes's own daughter was studying with girls of seven nationalities. She told Janet that although she liked the girls, it was hard to be the only American in the school.

"I wish you could see our mission in Java," said Mrs. Denyes, "that the Epworth Leagues of the Pittsburgh Conference support. The students of Northwestern University have also helped the Java mission to open a school."

"Java belongs to the Dutch, doesn't it?" said Jack.



Sons of a McTyeire Graduate.



"Yes," said Mrs. Denyes, "and there are many more people in Java than in little Holland. It is the most populous of the islands and the inhabitants are very prosperous. There are fifty million people in Java and only four million in Sumatra, which is much larger. All the islands are fertile and beautiful, with mountains, many of which are active volcanoes, and forests filled with tropical fruits and wild animals, but with very few people. The custom of collecting human skulls has kept down the number of the inhabitants. The Dyaks do not consider it respectable to think of marrying and setting-up housekeeping without a net full of skulls to hang over the family hearth. This habit is connected with their dim ideas of religion. The skulls are fetiches or charms."

"How large are all the islands put together?" asked Janet.

"I believe their total area is equal to one-fifth the area of the United States. There is room and to spare for the crowds of Chinese and Tamils, who are leaving their over-populated countries every year to make homes here. As parts of Borneo and Sumatra and other whole islands are still unexplored, there is little danger of over population for some time. The Philipines are a part of this archipelago and the Filipinos are Malays."

"Which nationality is the most enterprising?" asked Mr. Howard.

"The Chinese are the leaders in managing the mines and commerce. The Tamils do the rough labor. The Malays stay peacefully in the background and do not enter into new activities very much. It would be rather hard on them to have all these foreign races

outnumbering them and taking possession of their country, if it were not being developed and improved as it never would have been by the unprogressive Malays. The Chinese are the leaders in education, too. In Java and Sumatra there is a Chinese Reform Association, which supports schools and engages missionaries as teachers and examiners."

"What about your churches?" asked Mrs. Howard. "Are people as interested in religion as in education?"

"The evangelistic work is the hardest," said Mrs. Denyes, "because of the many languages a preacher must know and because so many of his converts return soon to their own countries. It is discouraging to lose our church members in this way, but often we hear that by their Christian lives they are missionaries to their own people. Sometimes the example of one Christian, who goes back to China, converts a whole village. One of our church members, who had disappeared, wrote not long ago, asking to have a missionary sent to Borneo to baptize three or four hundred cocoanut growers, who had been converted by the influence of this one Chinaman."

The four days at Singapore passed very quickly. "I wish we could stay longer," said Jack, as he went on board the steamer for Hong Kong. "But I am coming back some day to make explorations among the Batak of Sumatra. When I am Rajah Howard, you will all want to visit me."



QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER IV.

1. What did Mr. Howard notice on the first day in Rangoon?
2. Describe Jack and Janet's visit to Shwe Dagon.
3. What mission work did the Howard family see in Rangoon?
4. What stories did the missionaries tell the twins?
5. Describe the visit to Moulmein.
6. Where is Singapore and to what nation does it belong?
7. What American mission is in Singapore?
8. Give the names and sizes of as many islands as you can in the Malay Archipelago.
9. Tell all you can about the people who live in them.
10. Tell the story of Rajah Brooke.







River Life at Canton.

CHINA

Land of wonders, fair Cathay,
Who long hast shunned the staring day,
Hid in mists of poet's dreams
By thy blue and yellow streams,—
Let us thy shadowed form behold,—
Teach us as thou didst of old.

Knowledge dwells with length of days;
Wisdom walks in ancient ways;
Thine the compass that could guide
A nation o'er the stormy tide,
Scourged by passions, doubts, and fears,
Safe through thrice a thousand years!

Looking from thy turrets gray
Thou hast seen the world's decay,—
Egypt drowning in her sands,—
Athens rent by robbers' hands,—
Rome, the wild barbarian's prey,
Like a storm-cloud swept away:

Looking from thy turrets gray
Still we see thee. Where are they?
And lo! a new-born nation waits,
Sitting at the golden gates
That glitter by the sunset sea,—
Waits with outspread arms for thee!

Open wide, ye gates of gold,
To the Dragon's banner-fold!
Builders of the mighty wall,
Bid your mighty barriers fall!
So may the girdle of the sun
Bind the East and West in one.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



CHAPTER V.

THE MIDDLE FLOWERY KINGDOM.

ON the fifth morning after leaving Singapore, the decks of the steamship Kleist were deserted. Everyone was packing to go ashore. Pith topees and summer clothing were put away and light woolen suits and ordinary hats taken out, for the weather was no longer tropical.

In the afternoon the decks were full of life again, for it was almost time to land at Hong Kong. The steamer was now running along a winding channel, hemmed in on both sides by rocky, mountainous islands. A sudden turn brought her passengers face to face with a startling sight. Jack and Janet exclaimed with surprise at their first view of Hong Kong.

"An enemy would find it hard to capture this port," said Jack, looking with admiration at the great mountains that rise about the harbor and at the terraced city climbing up their steep sides.

"Could anything be more beautiful?" said Janet, looking with awe toward the tops of the mountains.

A tender took the passengers ashore. It did not matter to the Howards that both hotels were crowded. Mr. Howard had already decided not to stop at Hong Kong, but to take the river boat that evening for Canton. The family agreed that it would be more fun to see a real Chinese city than to spend much time in an English centre like Hong Kong. Besides, as they must return in a week anyway, to sail for Shanghai, there would be another chance to buy Swatow drawn

work, to visit the Botanical Gardens, and to go up the peak,—the proper things to do in Hong Kong.

The twins were glad that their boat sailed after dark that evening, giving them a chance to see the beautiful city at night. Then bright lights shine out on the dark mountain side, while on the black water below, dance the fairy lights of another city, not a reflection of the one above nor of the starry sky, but a real city of hundreds of little Chinese house boats, huddled together in the harbor.

"China is a tremendous country," said Mr. Howard to the twins, as they stood on deck watching the lights. "I wish we could have several months here, but we must be content to visit only four cities,—Canton, Shanghai, Nanking, and Peking."

"Why don't you count Hong Kong?" asked Janet.

"Well, Hong Kong isn't exactly in China," said Mr. Howard. "It is on Victoria Island, which belongs to Great Britain."

"That's funny," said Jack. "Hong Kong sounds Chinese enough. How did England get it?"

"I am sorry to say that Great Britain's victory in the Opium War gave her the island," said Mr. Howard. "It was then almost uninhabited, except by British merchants in the opium trade. It is sad to think that a Christian nation forced opium on China, but the war had one good result. The Treaty of Nanking, signed in 1842, opened five ports to foreigners. Before that, Canton was the only open port. This gave missionaries a chance to reach more people."

"I suppose the Chinese don't like the British, then," said Jack. "Do they like Americans?"

"Yes, China looks upon America as her friend. The

Chinese say that the United States is the only nation with a conscience, because she has not taken land and she has helped fight opium. Besides, our Government was the first to recognize China as a republic. This old nation is our youngest but, at the same time, our biggest sister republic."

"Chinese history must be interesting," said Jack. "I wish I had a book about it."

"Wait until you have plenty of time for reading," advised his father, "before starting on Chinese history. It began so long before ours that it fills many books. As we are to be in China such a little while, you will have to keep your eyes wide open in order to see as much as you can."

"I can't keep mine open much longer tonight," said Mrs. Howard. "The lights are all gone now. If we are to land early in the morning, don't you think we ought to go to bed?"

"Yes, mother," said Jack, "but I want to ask first if we know any missionaries in China. They always show us such interesting things."

"We are going to stay with missionaries in every city," said Mr. Howard. "In Canton we are invited to visit Dr. Edmunds, the President of Canton Christian College. As boys we went to the same school. Now he is a famous scientist. I have a letter saying that he has just been away working on a magnetic survey of China for the Carnegie Institute in Washington, but that now he is at home and expecting us. I have telegraphed, asking him to meet this boat."

"Good," said the twins. Then saying good night, they hurried down to their staterooms.

In the morning, as soon as it was light, Jack and

Janet went on deck. The boat was slowly approaching the busy port of Canton and the river was full of shipping. Great junks were passing, laden with rich cargoes of silk and tea. Most of these boats have a large, life-like eye painted on either side of the bow, so that they need not follow their course blindly. In contrast to the dignified junks, funny little sampans ferry people from one bank to the other or carry vegetables to market. Women, with babies on their backs, stand to do the rowing. Thousands of sampans used as house boats are anchored along the banks. Over sixty thousand Cantonese live on them. There are often so many boats crowded together at the landings that the only way to get ashore is to use their decks as a bridge, stepping from one to another. The twins noticed that the largest families sometimes live on the smallest boats. In their narrow quarters they bathe, wash their clothes, drink their tea, eat their rice with chopsticks from little bowls, and worship at the red-paper shrine in the covered end of the boat as unconcerned as if their neighbors on the other boats could not see all that they are doing. The river life was so interesting that Jack and Janet were sorry to go in to breakfast. The family waited until Dr. Edmunds arrived, to go on shore.

"This narrow strip of water front, that lies outside the city walls, is called the Bund," said Dr. Edmunds, as his guests stepped on land. "Only a small part of it has been conceded to foreigners and there is no room to spare within the city walls. Now I have explained why the college is on an island six miles away. You must make up your minds to become a part of the river life while you are here and to go everywhere by

boat. A Chinese gentleman, the brother of one of our students, has given the college a launch, which makes regular trips to the city every day. There it is now. If we miss it, we shall have to be rowed in one of these slow sampans. Come along, Jack and Janet. All aboard for Canton Christian College."

The trip to the island was made quickly in the fast launch. Then there was a short walk along a narrow path, that leads between rice fields up a hill to the college buildings.

"This looks like America," said Mr. Howard. "What fine buildings!"

"They were built from American plans," said Dr. Edmunds, "with a few changes by our Chinese builder. We are trying to combine the beautiful characteristics of Chinese architecture with the best in our own. Do you see the curves of the roofs? Those were probably suggested to the earliest builders by the roofs of the tents, in which the Chinese lived, when they were a wandering people. Then notice the round, green tiles. The yellow and green tiles used to be made only for imperial buildings, but now that China is a republic anyone can use them. They harmonize well with the grey Chinese bricks and are very durable. It is cheaper to build with brick than with wood, because the forests of this country are pretty well used up. Here we are at my new house."

After meeting Mrs. Edmunds and resting for a few minutes, the Howards received a call from the superintendent of the Agricultural School, Mr. Groff, who invited them to take a walk about his model farm. He explained that while the Chinese know a great deal about farming, they would do better with modern

plows and new methods, instead of working year after year in the same way and with tools exactly like those used by their ancestors.

"The graves of the ancestors take so much room that there is scarcely land enough for the living," said Mr. Groff, pointing to the fields filled with grass-grown ridges, cones, and horseshoe-shaped mounds. "These are the graves of people whose names are forgotten. As they lived centuries ago, all their descendants are dead and there is no one left to worship their spirits."

"Do the Chinese worship their ancestors?" asked Janet. "I thought they were Buddhists."

"There are three kinds of worship in China," said Mr. Groff, "Ancestor Worship, Buddhism, and Taoism. A Confucianist, who worships his ancestors, may at the same time be a Buddhist and a Taoist. Confucius lived in China at the same time that Gautama lived in India. Buddhism was not known here until the first century after Christ, when the Emperor Ming-ti heard of a new foreign religion and sent scholars abroad to enquire about it. They brought back Buddhism. What if they had found Christianity! How different China's history would have been! I wonder where America would be today, if she had not had the Christian religion."

"What was that other religion you spoke of?" asked Jack. "I never heard of it before."

"O, Taoism is the name given to the teachings of Lao-tze, who lived just before Confucius. Lao-tze tried to teach people to follow the path of virtue. Tao means way or path. Taoism is now a sort of demon worship, with many gods. One of the chief gods is the dragon, the spirit of seas, lakes, and rivers. Neither

Lao-tze or Confucius taught about God or a future life, but they gave their disciples many helpful rules for this life. Confucius even taught good manners. His teachings were written down by his disciples after his death, and the Chinese have studied them faithfully ever since. The Four Books written by the disciples and the Five Classics edited by Confucius have for all these years been the only school books of Chinese children.

“The most important teaching of Confucius is to honor the head of the family. When a father dies, the oldest son must leave work for a time to worship his father’s spirit. He must also offer food and drink to the spirits of the other ancestors, whose ancestral tablets are in the house, and burn paper money and clothing on their graves. People say that if there is no son to provide for the needs of the ancestors, their spirits must starve. On this account it is important for every family to have sons, and boys are treated with more respect than girls.”

“Can’t you ever use ground that has old graves on it?” asked Jack.

“O, yes, we can buy it, but we have to pay three dollars extra for each grave, to have the contents carefully removed to another place.”

While Mr. Groff was speaking, Jack and Janet saw a young man coming across the fields with a flock of children. As the group passed, Jack noticed that the children were much interested in some black mud, which the young man held carefully in his hands as though it were very precious.

“That is Sz-to, the principal of the primary school,” said Mr. Groff. “He takes the children out for nature

study. I believe he has some tadpoles to show the kindergarten classes. We call him our Chinese Froebel. Children and flowers are his hobbies. After graduating from the middle school, which is the high school department of the college, he taught drawing there for a short time, but soon gave that up to start a kindergarten. This has become so popular that he has to keep raising the tuition and refusing to take more pupils. The college students are so interested in Sz-to's school that their Y. M. C. A. gives all the money needed for expenses. Other Chinese have given two cottages to start a 'primary village.' Here come Mrs. Woods and her children to take you over there."

The two Woods boys, taking possession of Jack, led the way, as the party left Mr. Groff and started toward the kindergarten. Jack found out from Tom Woods that his father is vice-president of the college and at the head of the medical school. Jack said he didn't know before that colleges had both kindergartens and medical schools, and Tom said he supposed there weren't many colleges as good as his father's. Janet made friends with the little Woods twins, who shyly told her their names were Margaret and Janet.

Mr. Sz-to was watering the rows of yellow and white marguerites under his office windows, when the guests arrived. The children were having recess out of doors. Some were playing with balls and others, in imitation of their teacher, were examining their small gardens. They all wore clean white cotton suits and little round white cotton hats.

"I didn't know that the Chinese were so much like Americans," said Janet, after leaving the school.

"I thought they all wore queues and were different from us."

"So did I," said Jack. "I thought a Chinaman wouldn't part with his queue for anything."

"Styles have changed since China became a republic," said Mrs. Woods. "Queues are quite out of date now. I wonder if you know why Chinamen first wore them. The Manchus started the fashion when they began their rule in 1645. The first of these foreign emperors from Manchuria commanded the Chinese men to shave a portion of the head and wear the queue instead of tying their hair in a topknot. The Chinese objected at first, saying that this would mark them as slaves of the Manchus. Then the emperor commanded all criminals to cut the queue and let the hair grow on the shaved part of the head. Queues at once became very popular. When the revolutionists decided that it was time the Manchus stopped ruling, they cut their queues to show that the Manchus no longer had power over the Chinese."

"Did the Manchus start the fashion of small feet among the Chinese women?" asked Mrs. Howard.

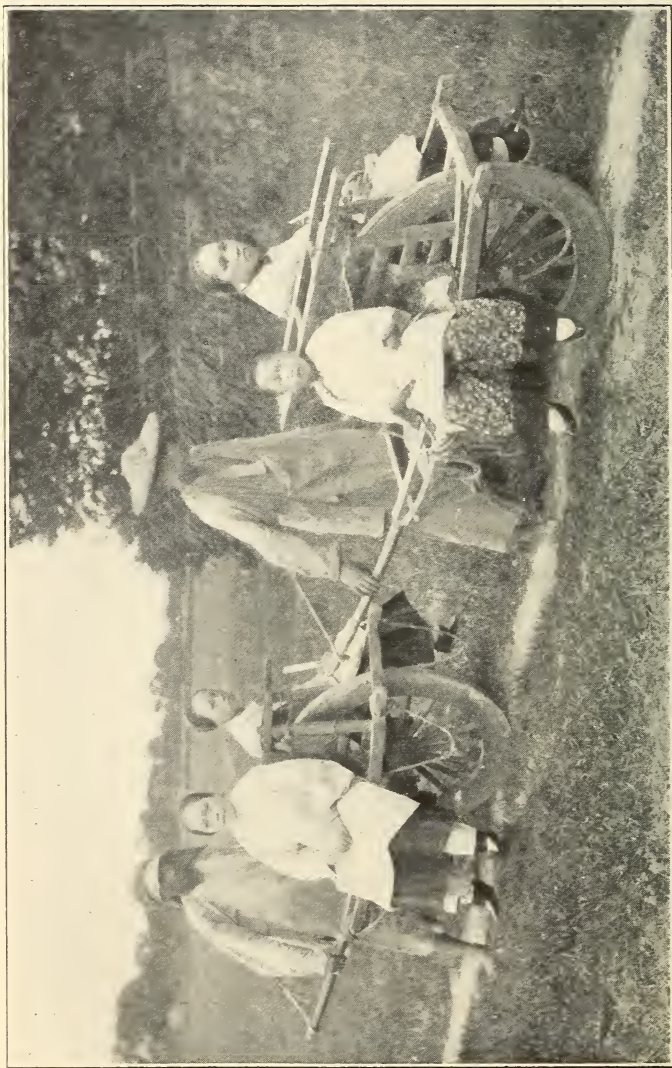
"No, the Manchus have never bound their feet, and did not interfere with styles among the Chinese women. I often wish that they had done away with the painful custom of foot-binding, when I see how poor little girls suffer from it, but now that there is a Chinese anti-foot-binding society, 'golden lilies' will soon be as old-fashioned as queues."

"Everybody keeps saying, 'Now that China is a republic,'" said Jack. "I wish somebody would tell me how China happened to become a republic."

"Suppose you ask my husband," said Mrs. Woods. "We are on our way to his office now."

"The story of how China became a republic is rather long," said Dr. Woods, when the family were seated in his office, "but I will try to make it short. Of course, you know that there was a revolution, that the Reform Party won, and that since 1912 China has been a republic, the very first one in Asia. Perhaps you don't know about the events that led up to the revolution. The one which showed China's need of reform in government and education was the war with Japan in 1894. China's defeat in this war about Korea was a very good thing, for it showed that something was wrong, if a great country like China could be beaten so easily by a little nation like Japan. It set people to thinking about the foreign education, which had made Japan powerful. Many Chinese now saw that it would be better if their country would follow Japan's example and learn from western nations instead of trying to keep foreigners out of China. The Emperor's aunt, the great Empress Dowager, who was the real ruler of China, did not approve of foreign influence because she feared that with foreign help the Chinese would shake off the rule of the Manchus. The young Emperor Kuang Hsu, however, was in favor of reform. His interest in the ways of foreigners began when he was a little boy. Although the Winter Palace, where he lived in Peking, was called the Forbidden City, because foreigners were forbidden to enter the grounds, the little boy heard about them and their wonderful mechanical toys and refused to play with Chinese toys. As he outgrew the foreign toys, which were bought for him, he wanted other amusements and ordered all sorts





A Favorite Mode of Travel in China.

of foreign inventions like telephones, electric fans, a phonograph, and a bicycle. He even had a steam launch put in the lotus pond in the garden and a miniature railway built.

"Then the Emperor became interested in foreign books. The first one brought into the palace was a New Testament, which the Christian women of Peking sent to the Empress Dowager on her sixtieth birthday. When the Emperor heard of it, he, too, wanted a Bible. After studying the Bible, which was bought for him, he ordered all the foreign books that were printed in Chinese and studied them. Then, just as he had wanted foreign things for himself, he began to want them for his country. He did not see why China should not have schools and railways like those of the western nations.

"The Emperor's tutor, K'ang Yu-wei, became his chief adviser. Together they began to plan reforms. A Chinese boy's education had always consisted in learning the teachings of Confucius and his disciples by heart, and girls were not sent to school. Railroads were not built and mines were not opened for fear of angering the spirits in the ground. Therefore, the Emperor appointed a Board of Education, a Board of Railroads, and a Board of Mines. Perhaps the Emperor was too hasty in the way he went about his reforms. At any rate, in the summer of 1898 some of the officials, whom he had dismissed, went to the Empress Dowager, who was staying at the Summer Palace near Peking, to urge her to come back to the city before things went too far. When the Emperor heard of what had been done, he ordered Yuan Shi Ki to go with his troops and imprison the Empress in the

Summer Palace. Yuan Shi Ki knew that the Empress was surrounded by the most powerful officials and that this would be a dangerous thing to do. Instead of obeying the Emperor, he sent word to the Empress, who went at once to the Winter Palace and imprisoned the Emperor instead. K'ang Yu-wei fled.

"Just then something happened, which started a strong feeling against foreigners. Two German priests were murdered in China, and troops came to demand that a port be given to Germany in return for the wrong done her. Then Russia, Great Britain, France, and Italy said that they would each like a port and each took one. The injustice of these nations turned the people against foreigners and their religion. In 1900 the Boxers, an anti-foreign society in the north, determined to kill every foreigner in China and every Chinese, who had anything to do with them or their religion.

"The massacre of missionaries and all foreigners, who could not get to places of safety, was terrible. One hundred and thirty-five missionaries and fifty-three children, besides thousands of Chinese Christians, were killed by the Boxers. Those who were able to get to the British Legation in Peking were saved. From June twentieth until August fourteenth the legation was besieged by the Boxers, encouraged by the Empress Dowager. The foreign armies, which at last arrived to release the besieged, did not appear any too soon. In a few days more the Boxers would have taken the legation, for they had dug underground almost up to the walls.

"When the armies of eight nations appeared in Peking, the Empress Dowager and her court decided

that it was time for them to leave. After an exile of two years, they were invited by the foreigners to return on condition that a large sum of money be paid to each nation for the buildings that had been destroyed and the way that their citizens had been treated. The Empress had learned a lesson. As she could not keep out foreigners, she made the best of things.

“Great reforms were begun. Besides carrying out all of those planned by Kuang Hsu, the Empress added several of her own. The most wonderful was her attempt to stop the use of opium by commanding that poppies should be grown less each year and in ten years not at all. Great Britain, sorry for the wrong she had done, promised that if China would do this, she would stop sending opium from India. The Empress also decided to give China a constitution. She sent a committee to Europe and America to study forms of government and schools. These reforms were more than ever necessary, for in 1904 Japan again showed her strength in a victory over Russia.

“In November, 1908, the Empress Dowager and the Emperor both died, no one knew just how, and a two-year-old boy became the Emperor Hsuan Tung. As long as the Manchus remained in power, the Chinese people were not treated fairly. The Revolutionary Party, which had been founded by Dr. Sun Yat Sen, began to prepare in secret for war. This broke out on October 9, 1911, when through an explosion in a secret bomb factory in the Russian quarter at Hankow, the plans of the revolutionists were discovered and they were obliged to fight for their lives. The Revolutionary Army under General Li and the Imperial Army

under General Chang fought fiercely for several months, but a truce was finally declared by Yuan Shi Ki, the leader of the Imperial Party. Although the revolutionists were no match for the trained Imperial soldiers, Yuan Shi Ki saw that most of the people were in sympathy with the reformers and in order to save his country from a long war, he gave in to them. The peace conference began December 18, 1911. Just then Sun Yat Sen, who had been in exile, returned and on January 1, 1912, was made temporary president of the new Republic at Nanking, the first capital. On March 10, 1912, he resigned his place to Yuan Shi Ki, who also has the good of China at heart. The capital is now at Peking.

"Since the revolution a new flag has taken the place of the old dragon pennant. The flag of the Republic of China has five stripes. The red one at the top stands for the eighteen provinces of China proper. The one below is yellow for Manchuria. The next is pale blue for Mongolia, the next white for Thibet, and the last black for Chinese Turkestan."

"I understand better about China now," said Jack. "Thank you ever so much. I hope I can remember all this to put in my notebook."

As it was now almost luncheon time, the family started back toward Dr. Edmunds's house. On the way Mrs. Woods pointed out the hospital, the temporary mat-shed chapel, and the professors' houses. In front of the recitation building a squad of boys in trim blue uniforms with brass buttons and gold braid were having military drill.

At luncheon the Howards met Miss Mitchell, a young lady who had just come from America to take



Photograph by N. R. Waterbury

Manchu Lady Leaving Dr. Leonard's Hospital,
Presbyterian Mission, Peking.



charge of the girls' department of the college. She told how anxious both the girls and their brothers are to go to America for study. The United States Government has invited them to come, giving back the indemnity money received from China after the Boxer troubles, to be used to send Chinese boys and girls to college in America. The Chinese Government holds an examination every year for those who would like to win an indemnity scholarship. As the examinations of Canton Christian College meet the requirements of the regents of New York State, the graduates of the middle school are well prepared to enter American colleges. Miss Mitchell said that about one hundred boys and girls expected to go very soon from C. C. C. to America. Besides their English examinations, the students have to pass others in Chinese, for of course they must know their own literature and history.

Everything so far had been almost too American to satisfy the twins, who had come to Canton expecting to see a Chinese city. As if reading their thoughts, Dr. Edmunds proposed a trip to town that afternoon. He said that he must attend to some important business, but that if Jack and Janet would like to go, Mr. Greybill, who is principal of the middle school, and Professor Fuson, would be glad to take them.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard stayed at home to rest, but the twins started directly after luncheon for the Bund. There, with both rickshaws and chairs to choose from, Jack and Janet were glad that their guides selected chairs. When each was settled in his little black house on poles, directions were given to the coolies to go through some of the interesting streets of the shopping district. Once inside the walls, the twins saw why

rickshaws are only of use outside on the Bund. The streets are too narrow for rickshaws and some have steps, over which wheels could not travel. The chairs almost touched the walls on either side, as the coolies marched along the streets, shouting to people to get out of the way, when they turned corners with the awkward long poles.

In all their lives the twins had never been in such dark, dirty alleys as the streets of Canton. As the procession of chairs passed through Jade Street, Ivory Street, Embroidery Street, and Kingfisher Street, where jewelry is made from the feathers of this bird, Jack and Janet saw many beautiful things in the tiny shops and many strange-looking people. Jack thought some of them looked jolly, but Janet could not get used to women in trousers and to the ghastly effect of the paint and powder on their faces.

It was all very interesting, but the twins were content to return to the island. Arriving there in time for tea, Jack learned that an exciting baseball game had been played while he had been gone. The missionaries had tied with the men from the American gunboat, which had arrived in Canton that morning. Mrs. Edmunds and the other ladies were serving tea and cakes for the men.

Jack and Janet made other visits to the Chinese city, and saw each time new and interesting sights. They found that the little doors in the high walls of the dark alleys sometimes lead into large grounds with nice houses. Some of these belong to American missions. The hospital and medical school belonging to the Presbyterian mission have several fine stone buildings in a part of the city which was a pig village when

the land was bought, but which is now in the most aristocratic neighborhood. Dr. Mary Fulton, who has charge of the medical mission, has to write or translate the text-books which the girls use, for although the Chinese know something of medicine they know nothing of surgery and there are no text-books on medical subjects. The missionaries opened the first schools for girls in China. Now girls are educated like their brothers and are even becoming famous doctors. Dr. Mary Stone, Dr. Ida Kahn, and Dr. Hu King Eng, who studied medicine in America, are known all over China.

Besides the medical school, the Presbyterian mission has a fine high school for girls, called True Light Seminary. The Congregationalists also have a school for girls.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard did not take the twins to the island, where Dr. Mary Niles has her blind school, fearing that the little blind slave girls, whom she is teaching, would be too pitiful a sight.

The Southern Baptist mission interested the twins very much. The children were having school in a mat-shed. In a building not far away their mothers were learning to read and write.

The day the Howards left Canton, the rain came down in torrents, just as it does in America in the spring. For the first time since leaving America, the twins put on raincoats and rubbers. The Chinese farmers also put on raincoats of straw, which shed the water like thatched roofs. With hats to match their coats, the people look like walking haystacks.

After a day in Hong Kong, the family went on board the American steamer, which had just come

from the Philippines. It seemed homelike to hear the American accent of the captain and officers instead of German or English. As the boat came near Shanghai, the sea became choppy and the weather very cold. When the tender went from the steamer up the river, past shipping from every country, the twins felt as though they were coming into New York. Shanghai is not a Chinese port like Canton. It belongs to all nations. France and England own large sections of the city called the French and British Concessions. People of every nationality live in Shanghai. The broad boulevards and the modern brick blocks, which have been built by the foreigners, might be in any American or European city.

The Howards spent a pleasant week in Shanghai, visiting their friends the Staffords. Jack and Janet thought that they had seen about every kind of missionary, but Mr. Stafford is neither a minister, a professor, a doctor, or an industrial missionary. He is a financial missionary, the business manager of Baptist missions in China. Mrs. Stafford said that, of course, no one is interested in her husband's work, for he has nothing to show but a row of account books, but that it is important just the same. The twins liked Mr. Stafford very much, especially as he devoted his time to taking them about.

As there are American missions of every denomination in Shanghai, the Howards did not try to visit them all. What they did see made them feel more than ever that Chinese Christians are the strongest, finest, most progressive people in the world.

One spring-like afternoon the family motored out along the beautiful Bubbling Well Road to take tea

with Mrs. Pott, whose husband is President of St. John's College of the Protestant Episcopal mission. The college campus is large and beautiful, with broad lawns and fine trees. It was once the estate of a wealthy Englishman. Jack and Janet enjoyed seeing the military drill on the lawn. Many of the leading officials of China are graduates of St. John's College. Next door to St. John's is St. Mary's Orphanage. Mrs. Pott took her guests over there, to see the out-of-door games. The girls looked so pretty, and were having such a good time, that Janet wished she could stay and get acquainted with them.

On the way home Mr. Howard called at the Harvard Medical School to see one of the doctors, whom he knew. The twins watched the little convalescent children in the hospital eat their supper.

One of the most wonderful missions in Shanghai is the Door of Hope, which Miss Bonnell has started for slave girls. She either buys them or has them given to her by the courts and makes a home for them. Miss Morris teaches them to sew and embroider and to dress dolls in the various Chinese costumes of bride and groom, amah or nurse, house boy, and baby. Janet was delighted to add them to her collection. Mrs. Stafford took the twins to see the little girls, whom Miss Bonnell puts in a home in the country with Miss Dieterle. As the country roads were too bad for the horses to go all the way, the drive was finished in Chinese fashion in wheelbarrows. There was a deep rut along the roadside especially made for wheelbarrow travel, for Chinese families ride for miles in this way. The twins noticed a great many coffins standing in the fields as they rode along. A few had little brick houses

built to shelter them. Some of the coffins were well made and others were just rude boxes. The small ones for babies were often Standard Oil cans. In the fields that were not filled with coffins and graves, people dressed in faded blue cotton were cultivating the soil. Others were going to market to sell their poultry and vegetables, which they carried in baskets, swinging from the ends of bamboo poles balanced on their shoulders. Sometimes babies are seen taking their airing in one of the baskets while the other is filled with cabbages or quacking ducks.

The little girls' home is on the outskirts of a dirty, ill-smelling village. The clean, happy children feel so sorry for the village children that last Christmas, instead of having presents, they gave the money to open a village school. Miss Dieterle said that Miss Bonnell's work is not supported by any church, but by those who know her and who want to help the slave girls.

One day Miss Chung, one of the Chinese secretaries of the Shanghai Young Women's Christian Association, invited Janet and her mother to a Chinese luncheon at her house. First, covered bowls of tea were brought to the stiff reception room, where the guests sat against the wall in beautiful, uncomfortable chairs of blackwood, inlaid with mother of pearl, and provided with cushions of embroidered scarlet satin. Then everyone went into the dining-room, where they sat down on stools around a table three feet square. A small bowl of soup and another of rice, a tiny plate and china spoon, and a pair of chopsticks were brought to each one. In the centre of the table were placed several plates of different kinds of food. Each person

served herself with her china spoon from the centre of the table and ate with her chopsticks. Janet did not know the names of all the food, but she liked it all, especially the bamboo sprouts, the salted squash seeds, and the candied lotus root. The other guests were two young ladies, Miss Abbey and Miss Hall, who have charge of a school for girls under the Woman's Union Missionary Society. Miss Abbey had a great adventure during the war. She took the girls safely in from the school to Shanghai one dark night, while bullets were flying all about.

Miss Chung is a graduate of Wellesley College. She teaches the physical culture classes at the Y. W. C. A. Janet was amused over the efforts of the girls to go through with the exercises with as much energy as the teacher, when it was all they could do to move in the tight coats and trousers, which are now the fashion in China. Miss Chung is designing proper gymnasium suits for the girls.

Mr. Howard and Jack found the Y. M. C. A. building and classes just like those in America. There are Boy Scouts, camps, athletics, lectures, Bible classes, and Student Volunteers.

Just out of Shanghai on the river bank are the brick buildings of Shanghai Baptist College. Dr. White, the President, invited the Howards to spend a day there. The twins enjoyed the White children and were interested in seeing how the land for the college was being made by filling in a good-sized lake.

Although the Chinese are a very literary people and books were printed in China over five hundred years before printing was known to western nations, until recently there have been no newspapers and no good

stories and magazines in Chinese. The work of the Christian Literature Society in Shanghai is to translate books, and Mrs. McGillvray of the Canadian Presbyterian Board has just started a magazine for young people called "Happy Childhood."

One of the best schools for girls in all China is the McTyeire School of the Southern Methodist Board. Some of its graduates are in college in America.

As the earliest missionaries to China were Roman Catholics, Mrs. Howard wanted to see their mission at Siccawei, a suburb of Shanghai. There the French priests have an industrial school, where boys learn to make beautiful furniture and to do wood-carving, and the nuns have an orphanage and industrial school for girls, where lace-making and embroidery are taught.

The first Protestant missionary to China was Robert Morrison, who was sent by the London Missionary Society in 1807. His great work was to translate the Bible into Chinese.

One evening the Howards left Shanghai to go up the Yang Tze River to Nanking. Arriving early in the morning, they were met by Dr. Brown and Dr. Evans. After a long drive through the Chinese city, they arrived at the high ground outside its walls, where the missionaries live, all denominations working happily together as at Canton Christian College. Their houses, too, are much like those at Canton, except that each is surrounded by a high wall whose gate is guarded by a watchman. Instead of green tiles, yellow tiles are used for roofs at Nanking. The Howards shared their visit with the Browns and the Evans, as there are boys and girls in both families.

The first thing Jack and Janet noticed at Nanking

was Purple Mountain, which stands at some distance from the city. Long stretches of treeless, rolling country reach out to it from the city walls.

"Everyone in Nanking loves Purple Mountain," said Dr. Evans. "The old emperors of the Ming or Bright Dynasty must have loved it, too, for they chose to be buried near it. They were the last Chinese emperors to rule over China. Then came the Manchus, who called their dynasty the T'sing or Pure Dynasty. Nanking used to be the capital of China. The name means South Capital. In 1403 the Ming Emperor Yung-lo moved the capital to Peking, which means North Capital."

"Hasn't Nanking always had a reputation for learning?" asked Mr. Howard.

"Yes, but since the old system of examinations has been given up for western education, the acres of examination halls are being torn down. They were rows of long, narrow sheds, divided into little cells. The students stayed in these cells nine days and nights writing the classics from memory and composing essays. Government will build a university on the old site."

The Union Mission at Nanking is like a little city. Besides the regular missionaries, all the new ones of twenty-seven missionary societies come there to study the language.

"Is the Chinese language very hard?" Janet asked one of the students.

"About the hardest in the world, I suppose," said the student, "but it is great fun to study. The written language is entirely different from the spoken language. It is a kind of picture writing and is the same

all over China. It is not spoken at all. The principal spoken language is Mandarin, but in the south there are seven different dialects. People who speak the Shanghai dialect cannot understand Cantonese."

"I'm glad I don't have to write in one language and speak in another," said Janet.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard had a very good time at Nanking. They visited the university, the Friends' mission and their hospital, which is in charge of a Chinese lady, Dr. Tsau, and Miss Laura White's school for girls. Miss White edits a magazine for women and translates American stories into Chinese. She is training some of the girls to do this, too. American children are not the only ones who love the Birds' Christmas Carol and Little Lord Fauntleroy.

Some of the missionaries told exciting stories of the revolution. The fiercest fighting was at Nanking. The missionaries started the Red Cross work for the soldiers and took care of many of the orphan children. Their kindness was so appreciated by the Chinese that many have since become Christians. Dr. Macklin, a missionary of the Christian Church, was so kind to the Chinese in the war that they thought he was Jesus himself, and the coolies called him Jesus Christ.

Jack and Janet enjoyed Nanking, because there are so many boys and girls there. The children of the missionaries have their own school and a teacher from America. As one teacher cannot teach thirty boys and girls all the studies they must know to enter college in America, their own mothers help her for a month at a time.

One day all the young folks went for a picnic out at the Ming Tombs. The long way that winds through

the fields to the tombs is guarded by a procession of huge stone animals in pairs, like the animals going into the ark. There is a kneeling and a standing pair of each kind of animal. The boys and girls climbed up on the elephants, camels and horses and dared each other to jump down. Jack and Janet left Nanking with real sorrow, promising to write and never to forget their friends there.

At Peking the Howards stayed with Dr. Hopkins in the Methodist Compound, which is a surprising sight in the heart of a Chinese city. After entering the gate, you are in a pretty New England street. Lawns and shrubbery are in front of the attractive houses. The first building at the left as you enter, is the church. Then you pass Bishop Bashford's house and the houses of the other missionaries and at the other end of the street you find the university buildings and President Lowrie's house. Everything has been erected since the siege of 1900, as not a single mission building was left standing by the Boxers.

The Hopkins Memorial Hospital, which Dr. Hopkins built in memory of his brother, is not far from the compound. Dr. Hopkins is a famous oculist.

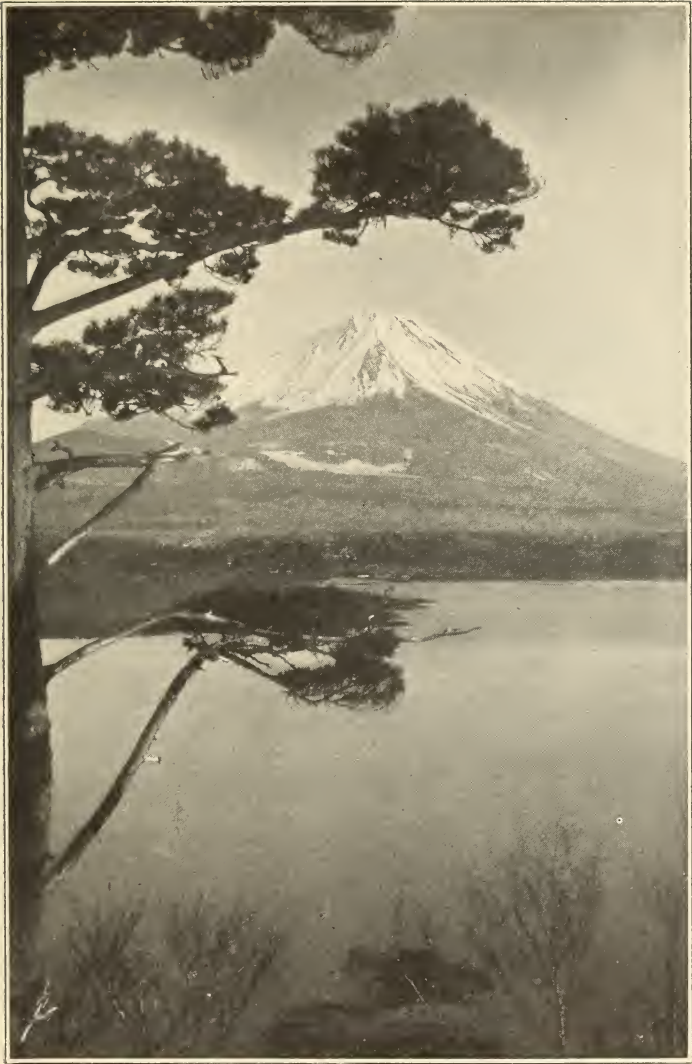
The Presbyterians and Congregationalists also have large missions at Peking.

Peking is unlike most Chinese cities. The streets are wide and there are many beautiful buildings. The city is square with a great wall around it. Another wall divides it into two parts, the southern or Chinese city and the northern or Tartar city of the Manchus. The Tartar city is like a series of boxes, one within the other, for within the Tartar city is another walled square, called the Imperial city. This contains a third

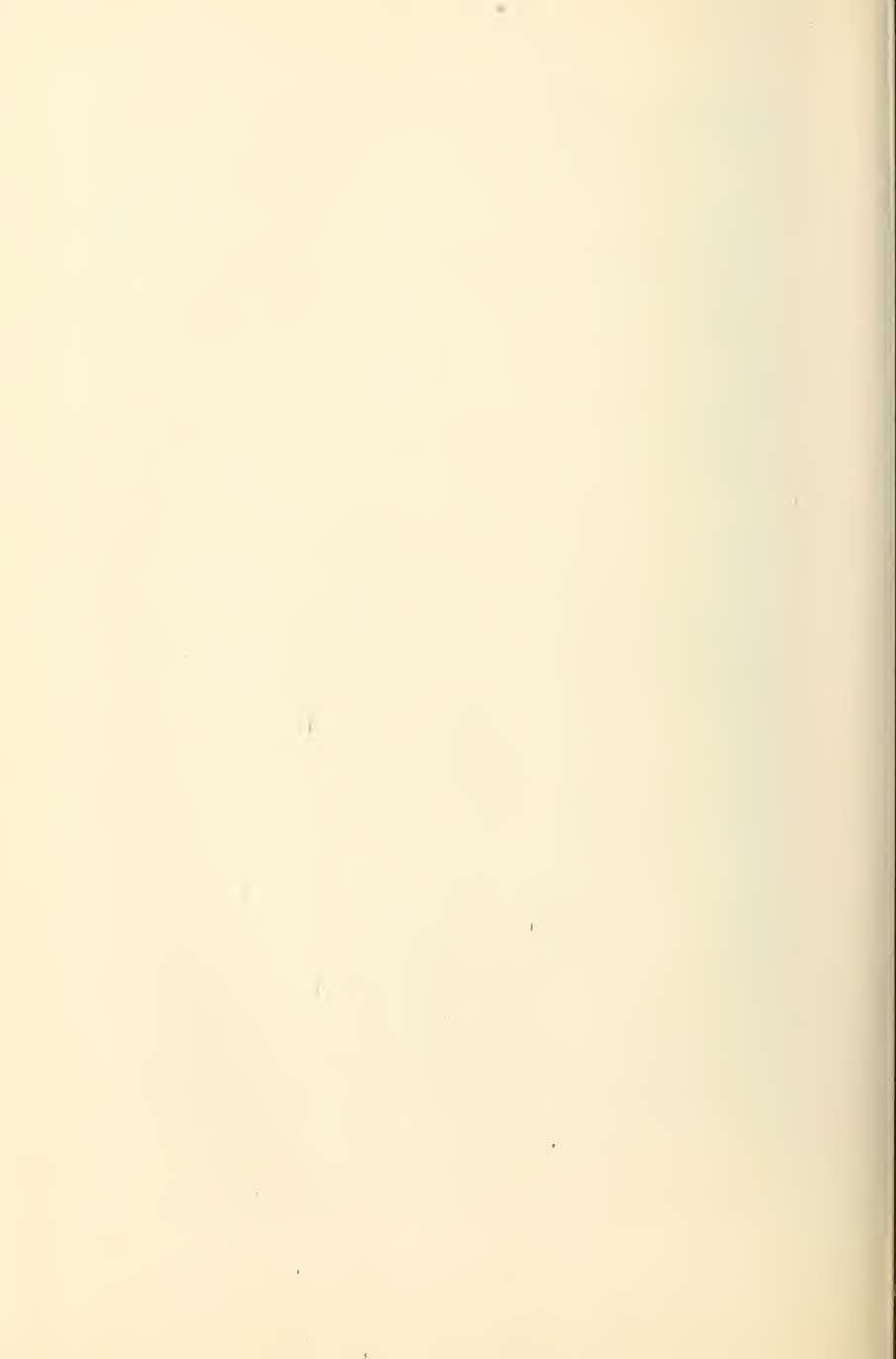
walled square called the Forbidden city, where the Emperor's Winter Palace is hidden. President Yuan Shi Ki now lives there.

Legation Street, where the foreign ambassadors live, is in the Tartar city south of the Imperial city. Dr. Hobart took the family to a reception at the beautiful American embassy to meet Dr. Reinsch, the American ambassador, who is as much interested in missions as Mr. Conger, the former ambassador was. As all the foreigners in Peking had a pretty good chance to get acquainted, when they lived together in the British legation, there is a friendly feeling among them. The twins were more interested in the British legation than in anything else in Peking. The buildings have been repaired since the siege, but one little bullet hole, called "Lest we forget," has been left in the wall of the church. The missionaries told thrilling stories of their experiences and of the heroism of the Chinese Christians, who died rather than deny their faith. Boys and girls died as bravely as their parents.

The beautiful Temple of Heaven, where the state worship used to be held, is at Peking. The emperor, who was said to have a decree from heaven, giving him the right to rule, performed this worship. Just as the head of the family takes the responsibility of the worship of the ancestors for the members of his household, the emperor had the responsibility of the worship of heaven for the state. The Temple of Heaven is in large grounds. Three great circular platforms, one above the other, built of white marble with a carved balustrade around each one, stand open to the sky. The most solemn ceremony was at midnight when the



Fujiyama, the Sacred Mountain of Japan.



emperor knelt in the centre of the middle platform to worship the starry heavens.

On the walls of Peking stand the astronomical instruments, which the Jesuits placed there in 1640. They are beautifully mounted in bronze with dragon designs. Although they are unprotected from the rain and snow the instruments look as if they had just been placed there.

A frequent sight at Peking is a caravan of shaggy brown camels from Thibet, plodding along beside the wall. Another sight not seen in the South is the striking costume of the Manchu ladies. They wear an enormous headdress and their shoes are raised several inches from the ground by wooden blocks fixed to the soles. These ladies look very tall and impressive passing through the streets.

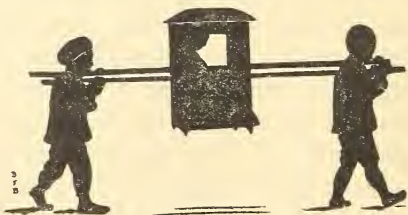
There was not time to take the two days' trip to the Ming Tombs and the Nankou Pass, where the Great Wall is seen coming down out of the mountains. This wall is from twenty to sixty feet high and nearly fifteen hundred miles long. It is built of brick and stone and contains enough material to build a wall five or six feet high around the world. It was built by the Emperor Chin two hundred and twenty-one years before Christ, to keep the Tartars from getting into China from the north. The ruler who built the Great Wall, was the first emperor, for it was he who made China an empire by uniting the eighteen provinces under one government. The name China also comes from the Emperor Chin. This great man did one foolish thing. In order to have it said that all learning began with him, he ordered all books written before his reign to be burned. The scholars, who tried to

save their books by burying them, were buried alive with them, but one scholar knew the Classics by heart and in the next reign his little granddaughter, who could write, took them down from dictation.

Jack and Janet were disappointed to miss the trip to the Great Wall, until they found that their train from Peking to Mukden would pass right through it at Shan-hai-Kuan, a little Chinese town, which is near where the wall comes down from the mountains into the sea.

Dr. Hopkins sent a letter ahead to Dr. Keeler, a Methodist missionary at Shan-hai-Kuan, asking him to call on the Howards, who would have to spend the night there. He came, bringing Pastor Te and Mrs. Te (pronounced like the French *de*). If Pastor Te could speak English, he might have told most interesting stories of his terrible experiences at the hands of the Boxers, from whom he escaped in almost miraculous ways.

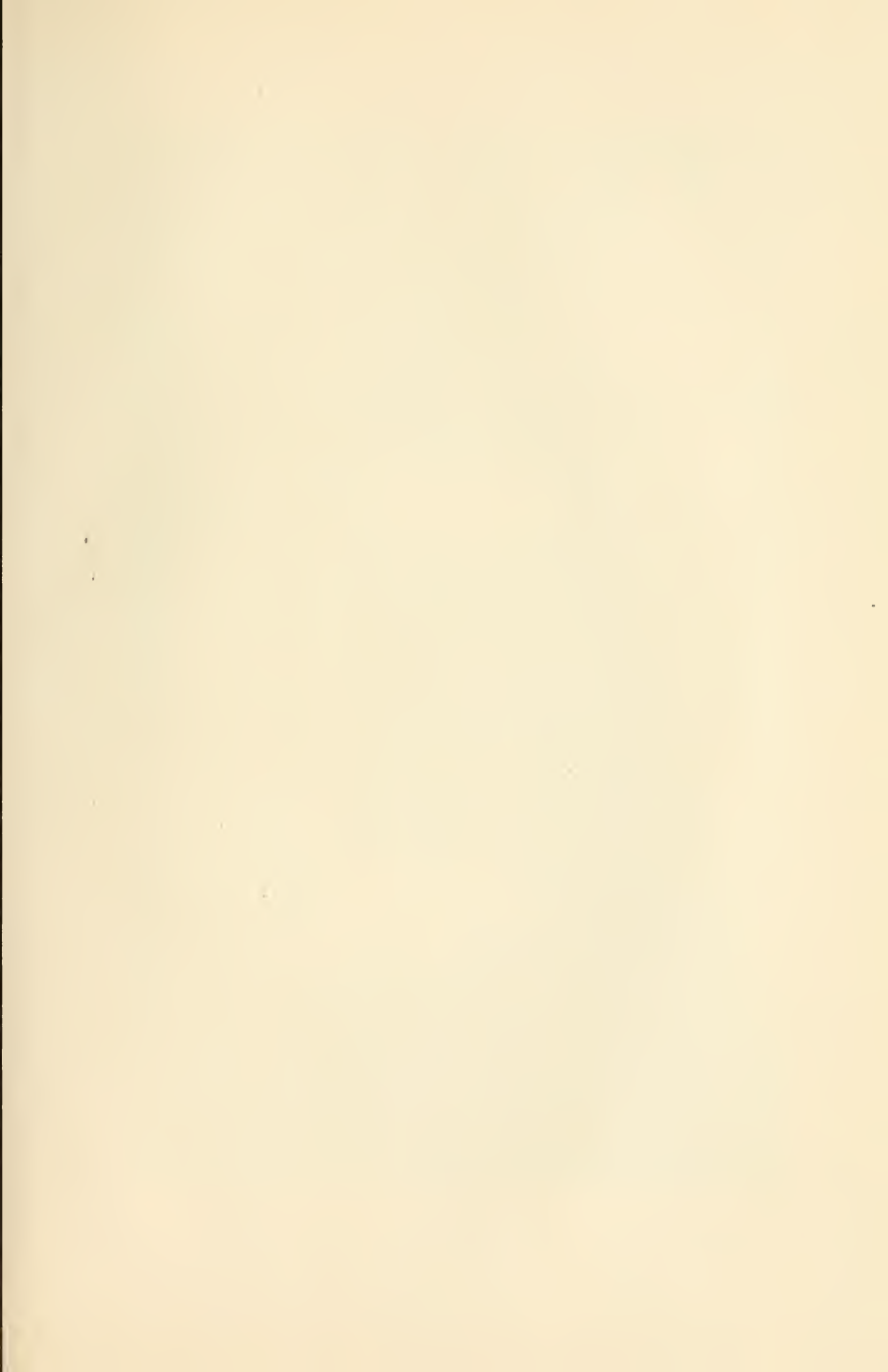
The next morning the Howards passed out through the Great Wall of China into Manchuria and on through Mukden into Korea.

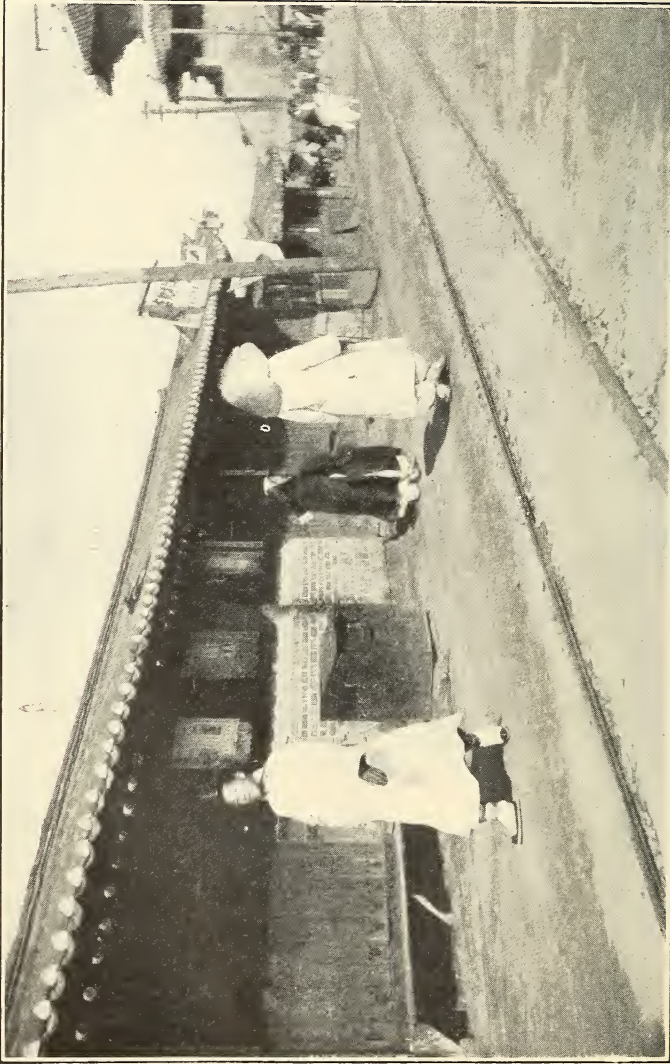


QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER V.

1. How have foreigners treated China?
2. What missions did the Howards see at Canton?
3. Why did Chinamen cut their queues in 1911?
4. How did the Emperor Kuang Hsu become interested in reform?
5. Explain the flag of the Republic of China.
6. What four reasons has China for calling the United States her friend?
7. What missions did the Howards see at Shanghai?
8. Why is Nanking famous in the history of China? What missions are at Nanking?
9. Describe the city of Peking and its missions.
10. For what four things is the Emperor Chin famous?







Photograph by N. R. Waterbury.

Street Scene in Seoul.

“AMERICA FOR ME”

'Tis fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings,—
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

*So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.*

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack;
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free,—
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

*Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the rolling sea,
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.*

HENRY VAN DYKE



CHAPTER VI.

A PEEP AT THREE NATIONS

JACK and Janet's memories of their travels through northern China and Manchuria were of continuous moving pictures seen through train windows. Sometimes the views were of acres of grassy graves under a cold grey sky, with here and there a widow's arch of stone. Sometimes they were of lively scenes on station platforms, where peddlers sell steaming dumplings, eggs boiled in tea, bean curd, boiled sweet potatoes, and other tempting delicacies, to hungry travelers. The crowds at the stations are always good natured and ready to joke, in spite of cold that pierces the ragged cotton clothing, which many wear all winter. These northerners look larger and stronger than the people of the south. The more prosperous wear fur-lined clothing and even some of the poorly dressed have fur caps, and tie skins of beavers or otters about their throats. The little covered carts, in which the country people drive to the stations, are often lined with a patch-work of bits of fur.

After Mukden there was a pause in the pictures, for the Chosen Express entered Korea at night. The twins awoke in a new country, as peaceful and bright as the last had been bleak and dull. The bare hills and fields were sleeping under a soft pink haze. Peasants in white, with now and then a costume of faded red, were working in a leisurely way in the paddy fields. The pale pink light on the quiet scene made it seem so unreal that Jack and Janet felt as

though it were a dream picture instead of Korea. The Japanese, who have ruled Korea since the war with Russia in 1904, call the country Chosen, the Land of Morning Calm.

The train began to stop at little stations, and mild-faced men came on board, dressed in white, with ridiculous black stovepipe hats several sizes too small perched on the back of their heads and tied on with black ribbons in a bow under their chins. The shiny horsehair, of which the hats are made, is transparent enough to show the topknots which the men wear. Women with gentle faces and smoothly parted hair also entered the train. They wore full skirts of red, green, or blue cotton and very short jackets tied in a bow on one side.

In the middle of the morning, the train reached Seoul, which seemed to the Howards more like a country village than a capital. On the way to the plain little hotel, called the Astor House, the rickshaws passed through a fairly wide street of diminutive one-story shops with red tiled roofs. The twins giggled over the funny costumes of the people who were out walking. Instead of the horsehair hats, which, like the topknots, are worn as soon as the boy becomes engaged, some of the men wore huge, brimless, straw hats as big as bushel baskets. These are worn for mourning, to hide the face of the bereaved. Old men, with mild, kindly faces and sparse, goat-like beards, were walking slowly along in the sunshine, smoking slender pipes a yard long. The women in the street wore bright green kimonos over their heads and drawn closely about their faces, the empty sleeves flapping in the breeze. They looked like Moslem

women, for only their eyes were left uncovered. This curious costume is said to date back to a time of war many years ago, when women threw extra clothing about them when they went to the fields with their husbands, in case the men should be called away suddenly and need it.

The Howards took a guide at the hotel and started out to call on Dr. Avison at the Severance Hospital of the Presbyterian mission. The missions of Korea belong to the Methodists and Presbyterians, American, Canadian and Australian, who are working together as much as possible. The guide proved to be a Christian and a graduate of the Union Academy and College at Pyeng Yang, where there are over five hundred students.

Dr. Avison took the Howards all through the hospital. In the operating room the gentle Korean nurses were preparing for an operation. In the basement men were making the medicines, which the hospital supplies to all parts of the country. On the top floor there is a laboratory for research work. Besides these departments the hospital has a large medical school with about one hundred students and a training school for nurses.

"Doctors are greatly needed in Korea," said Dr. Avison. "People here have so little idea of cleanliness and care in sickness that diseases like smallpox and cholera are as common as measles and chickenpox in America. There is no word for nurse in the Korean language. The chief medicine the Koreans used before medical missionaries came was ginseng, which was supposed to be a cure for all diseases. But things are changing so fast for the better that it almost takes my

breath away. In twenty-five years I believe that Korea will be a Christian nation and missionaries will not be needed. The history of Christianity in Korea is wonderful.

“For three thousand years the Koreans worshipped idols. Besides Confucianism and Buddhism, which were brought from China, there was a more popular religion of many gods called Shamanism. Like China, Korea shut her doors to foreigners and was called the Hermit Nation. Not until 1881 did the United States succeed in making a treaty with Korea. Three years later a Presbyterian missionary, Dr. Allen, began medical missions by opening a hospital for the Government at Seoul. Later the hospital was taken from government control and is now the Severance Hospital. The first schools in Seoul were opened by Methodist missionaries with the consent of the king, who named the boys’ school Paichi Haktang or Hall for the Training of Useful Men and the school for girls Ewa Haktang or Pear Flower School, the pear blossom being the national flower and the emblem of the royal family.

“At first the preachers of Christianity had a hard time on account of the superstition of the people, but when the interest in Christianity once began it spread very rapidly. The Koreans are the most wonderful Christians in the world. They give generously of both their money and their time. There are two collections in the churches, a money collection and the Nal-yen-bo or day collection. All the church members pledge days of service to the Lord. On these days each one goes to his friends and neighbors or to the people of other villages and tries to persuade them to become Christians. In 1910 the Korean Christians

decided to visit personally one million people. One church pledged ten thousand days, another eighty-four hundred, and so on. Do you wonder that the number of Christians is increasing fast? In 1909 a church a day was founded. The Bible is a new book to the Koreans. The first translation of the whole Bible in the Korean language was not published until 1911. It is the most popular book in the country. The state approves it as a text-book in all the schools, and I wish you could see how the Korean Christians study it. Perhaps if I tell you a story you will get some idea of what I mean.

“A Korean came into the study of a missionary one day and said, ‘I have been memorizing some verses in the Bible, and thought I would come and recite them to you.’ The missionary listened while this convert repeated in Korean, without an error, the entire sermon on the mount. The missionary said, ‘If you simply memorize it, it will do you no good. You must practise it.’ The Korean Christian smiled as he replied, ‘That’s the way I learned it. I am only a stupid farmer, and when I tried to memorize it the verses wouldn’t stick. So I hit on this plan. I memorized one verse and then went out and practised it on my neighbors until I had it; then I took the next verse and repeated the process, and now I intend to learn the entire Gospel of Matthew that way.’ And he did it.*

“The Koreans themselves are making more converts in a year than a missionary could in several hundred years.”

Dr. Avison was so interesting, that it was hard to leave the hospital, but Mrs. Howard wanted to see

* Quoted from Methodist booklet by George Heber Jones.

the Presbyterian school for girls and the Methodist woman's hospital called the Lillian Harris Memorial. The twins were greatly entertained at the school by the girls who were making chocolates for sale and by those who sat ironing, Korean fashion, pounding the clothes smooth with little wooden paddles.

The Howards also visited the Y. M. C. A., where classes of boys were making shoes and learning printing and carpentry. The boys from the cigarette factory are so anxious to learn, that they asked if they might have evening classes in reading and Bible. The American Y. M. C. A. secretary is glad to do anything he can to make up for the great evil which his countrymen are spreading in Asia, the cigarette habit.

When missionaries first came to Korea, the Koreans used the Chinese written language almost entirely, although they had a more convenient one of their own with an alphabet. This has been revived by the missionaries. The only advantage of the Chinese written language is that it is used by the Japanese, too, and by means of it the three nations can understand each other.

"It sounds funny to say that we only spent a day in Korea," said Jack, as the train left Seoul the next morning, "but I couldn't have learned as much about the country in school in a month."

Arriving at Fusan at dusk, the Howards went from the train on board the boat for Shiminoseki. Their first glimpse of Japan was from their stateroom windows in the morning. The low, black islands looked just like the India ink pictures of them, so often seen. The railroad from Shiminoseki skirts the beautiful Inland Sea, with its thousands of island mountains.

The rocky coast reminded the twins of New England, except that beside the rocks and pines there are luxuriant orange groves. A Baptist missionary, Captain Bickel, cruises in a mission yacht in the Inland Sea, carrying the Bible to the people of the islands.

The Howards saw so many beautiful and interesting things in Japan, that it would take a whole book as big as this to mention them all. They found that Confucianism, Buddhism, and Shintoism, which teaches the worship of the emperor, are giving way to Christianity. Almost everywhere they found missions. At Himeji there is a Baptist mission, with a fine girls' school in charge of Miss Wilcox and a church under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Briggs. In the beautiful city of Kyoto there is a great Congregational mission, with a large girls' high school in charge of Miss Denton, and the famous Doshisha University, whose president is Mr. Harrada. The Doshisha was founded by Joseph Hardy Neesima, who, when a little orphan boy, ran away to America and was adopted and educated by Mr. Alpheus Hardy. Mrs. Neesima is still living and invited the twins to her house to see her dolls. The doll festival, which begins March third, was over, but Mrs. Neesima had not yet taken her collection down from the red shelves. On the top shelf sat the Emperor and Empress and their court, the court musicians were on the shelf below and other classes of society were represented on the other shelves. Janet found everything that a girl who loves dolls could want in the collection which Mrs. Neesima began when she was a little girl. But the dolls, their furniture and dishes are not to play with. After the festival they are put away until the next year, when new dolls are added to the collection,

which Japanese girls and women exhibit once a year on red-covered shelves.

Of course, a visit to Japan would not be complete without a trip to Nikko, to see the mountains and waterfalls, the temples and the red lacquer bridge across the rushing river, the stone lanterns, the torii or temple gateways, the avenue of cryptomeria trees and the statues of a hundred gods along the river bank. No one can say the word *kek-ko*, which means beautiful, until he has seen Nikko, say the Japanese.

There is so much to see in the great city of Tokyo, that it makes your head swim. It was the first of April and the cherry blooms were just opening in Uyeno Park. All the schools were having commencement exercises. Janet and her mother went from one graduation to another. At the Canadian Methodist School the class dinner of six courses was cooked by the girls of the junior class in their beautiful domestic science building. After dinner there were toasts and music. Ishihara San of the Baptist mission invited Janet to see one of her kindergarten classes graduated. The flower garden of children in their gay kimonos was a pretty sight. Each child and each girl in the teachers' class received a diploma and a box of cakes. At the Joshi Gakuin, the beautiful girls' school of the Presbyterian mission in charge of Miss Halsey and Miss Millikin, the commencement essays and music were much like those at an American school. The former principal, Mrs. Yajima, was present. She is now at the head of the W. C. T. U. At Miss Tsuda's school the girls gave a commencement play in English. This is a Christian school, although it does not belong to any mission. The Protestant Episcopal school, St.



Avenue of Royal Palms at Honolulu.



Margaret's Hall, in charge of Miss Heywood, is in a Japanese house, but the girls have an American gymnasium.

The Friends are working for peace in Japan through their peace apostle, Mr. Gilbert Bowles. Other Americans who are doing good work in Japan are the Salvation Army workers. Their street meetings in Tokyo are very popular.

At Yokohama, which is almost near enough to be called a suburb of Tokyo, there are three fine girls' schools, the Baptist school at Kanagawa under Miss Converse, Ferris Seminary, managed by Mr. and Mrs. Booth of the Dutch Reformed Church, and the school of the Woman's Union mission in charge of Miss Loomis. Miss Susie Pratt, of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, has a fine Bible school, which trains a large class of lovely Japanese Bible women. The Methodists also have a school for Bible training at Yokohama.

With all these schools the Universalists think that another is not so necessary, as a happy Christian home for the girls who come to Tokyo to study at the government schools. The pleasant students' hostel, which the Universalist women have in Tokyo, is called the Blackmer Home. The girls, who board there are taught domestic science and home-making.

Two American ladies, who live in Yokohama, in a beautiful house on the Bluff, are helping the missionaries in a lovely way. As the Japanese are very fond of artistic cards and books, Miss Baucus and Miss Dickinson spend their time designing and writing booklets, calendars and Christmas and Easter cards. Their own publishing house prints these and sells

them to the Japanese, who have plenty of pretty cards but none with Christian sentiments. The twins especially enjoyed the afternoon at Miss Dickinson's house, for she showed them her cards and curios and her conservatory full of gorgeous parrots. She has twenty and some speak distinctly.

On clear days at Yokohama, the Howards saw Fujiyama from the Bluff, which is the American quarter of the city. One day they took a trip to Kamakura to see the great Buddha and the cherry blooms. The next day the blossoms were covered with snow. The twins went out in the storm in covered kurumas, as jinrickshas are called in Japan. The Japanese boys and girls were out with yellow paper umbrellas, clumping through the snow in their wooden geta, which they wear instead of rubbers. They are just blocks of wood slipped on like sandals to raise one above the slush.

Japan is so delightful, that Jack and Janet expected to feel sorry to leave, but after experiencing an earthquake one night at Tokyo and hearing that these are apt to come several times a week, they were almost relieved when the steamer sailed from Yokohama. Then came the long voyage of seventeen days across the Pacific. It was warm enough all the way to Honolulu to take a dip every day in the canvas swimming tank on deck and to play baseball and other games. The most interesting event was crossing the one hundred and eightieth meridian on Easter Sunday and getting an extra day. Jack and Janet were sure that not many people ever had two Easters in the same year.

Among the passengers was a sweet-looking lady,

whom Mrs. Howard met at one of the commencements in Tokyo. Her name was Mrs. Bellamy and she had been to Japan to visit the Canadian Methodist mission at Kanazawa, where there is an orphanage named for her little boy who died. One quiet day on deck Mrs. Bellamy told the twins about him. He was a helpless cripple all his short life. He could not even use his hands to write, but learned to use a pencil strapped to his shoe. His mother had a mission band in the prairie town of Moose Jaw, where the family lived, and Herbie was made the first president. All the children were planning to earn money for their mite-boxes, but there seemed to be nothing that little Herbie could do until someone offered to pay for names and texts that he wrote. The demand for these grew and during the first year the little boy earned twenty dollars for the mission band to send to Japan. The other children brought enough to make the offering of the first year eighty-four dollars and sixty cents. In a few years the Moose Jaw Mission Band was able to pay for the orphanage at Kanazawa, which in 1898, two years before the little president died, was named the Herbie Bellamy Orphanage. The story of this little cripple, who lived to be only twelve years old, reminded Jack and Janet of Mrs. Ewing's Story of a Short Life, which they had always loved, only Herbie seemed a greater hero than Leonard, because he was not merely brave and "contented with his lot," but forgot himself in working for others. Even now his life goes on helping the children of Japan.

After eleven days on the great Pacific Ocean, without a glimpse of land or of a single ship, the steamer

stopped for twenty-four hours at Honolulu. The tropical beauty and delightful climate did not seem half so wonderful to the twins as the spirit of joy and life in the air. They had seen other beautiful places in their travels, but all were spoiled by heathenism. Their hearts glowed with happiness and patriotism as they stepped on American soil. Mr. and Mrs. Howard were even more conscious than the twins that the reason Honolulu seems like heaven to travellers coming from the East is that it has the atmosphere which belongs only to Christian nations. Although all the people of America are not Christians, they all enjoy the results of Christianity, just as the people of India and China suffer from the effects of heathenism.

"And to think that a hundred years ago the Hawaiians were a race of savages," said Mr. Howard, as the twins noticed the dignity and prosperity of the city and of everyone they passed in the street.

"Were they really, father?" said Jack.

"I believe you are going to tell us another wonderful story," said Janet.

"No, only part of one," Mr. Howard replied. "The rest you will enjoy reading for yourself in a book we have at home called the Transformation of Hawaii, by Miss Brain. She tells how when the American Revolution began, the Hawaiian Islands were not known to the world. Then on July 18, 1778, Captain Cook, an Englishman, who was looking for the Northwest Passage, discovered them and named them the Sandwich Islands for his employer, Lord Sandwich. The inhabitants at first thought Captain Cook was a god. When they found out their mistake, they murdered him.

The Hawaiians were then savages. They wore no clothing and had terrible customs. They had many idols, but their most dreaded goddess was Pele, who was supposed to live in the burning Lake of Halemaumau in the crater of Kilauea, the largest active volcano in the world. Hogs and sometimes human beings were thrown into the lake of fire as sacrifices to Pele. The savages had a strange custom called tabu. Whatever the priests said the gods had placed under tabu, must not be touched on pain of death. A great many things were tabu to women which were not to men, and to common people which were not to priests and chiefs. This was a convenient way for some people to reserve all the best for themselves. We get our word 'tabooed' from the custom.

"You can see that the Hawaiians needed missionaries as much as any people ever did. A poor little Hawaiian boy, named Henry Obookiah, who was brought to America by the captain of a ship in 1792, was educated at Yale and planned to go back to his people with Christianity. But he died before he could reach there. Hiram Bingham, a student at Andover, offered to go in his place and Asa Thurston joined him. On October 17, 1819, they sailed from Boston on the brig Thaddeus.

"After a voyage of five months, instead of five days as it is now, they reached the islands to find that the Hawaiians had already given up tabu and the worship of idols, and were more prepared for Christianity than the missionaries had expected to find them. The missionaries were allowed to land and invited to stay for one year, if they behaved well. The traders, who were the only foreigners the Hawaiians then knew, had not

always behaved well and had prejudiced the king against the missionaries. After landing his passengers, the captain of the brig sailed back to Boston with the provisions the missionaries had brought to last three years. This left them at the mercy of the islanders. The king and chiefs were glad to be taught to read and write, and as soon as they had learned, all the people were commanded to attend the mission schools and learn reading and writing. The missionaries had to make the written language and translate all the school books. The Bible was translated and many of the savages became Christians.

“Although the king had forbidden tabu and the worship of idols, some people still believed in Pele and kept her tabus. The Story of Kapiolani, the Christian queen, who defied Pele and broke her power, is thrilling. In fifty years the islanders were so changed, that the American Board did not think it necessary to send missionaries to them any longer, and Hawaii was declared a Christian nation.

“In 1898 the Hawaiian Islands asked to be annexed to the United States. The people knew that some other nation would take possession sooner or later and they preferred to belong to the United States.”

The aquarium, the surf riders, and the view from the cliff called Pali, of the iridescent rainbow colors of the water, were all wonderful sights to the twins, but nothing was so wonderful as the knowledge of what Christianity does for the world.

When the boat left in the morning a band played American airs on the pier and all the people from the hotels came to see her sail and to bring leis or garlands of flowers for their departing friends. As the steamer

moved away, the garlands were taken off and dropped on the water to float back with the tide, a symbol of the wish of all to come back to Honolulu.

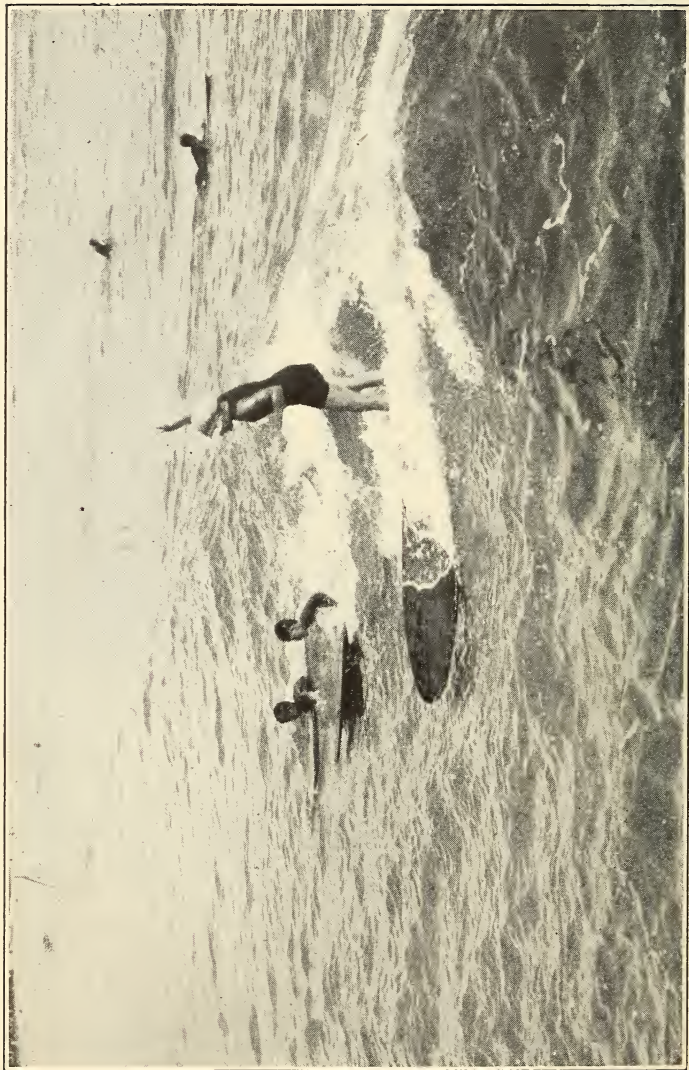
With the strains of Auld Lang Syne ringing in their ears the Howards began the last part of their voyage. In five days more the steamer entered the Golden Gate.



QUESTIONS ON CHAPTER VI.

1. Mention four things that Jack and Janet noticed on their way to Seoul, or in Seoul before they reached the hotel.
2. Tell all that you know about the missions at Seoul.
3. What may we learn from the Korean Christians?
4. Give the names of as many denominations as you can that have missions in Japan.
5. How many kinds of mission work do you know of in Japan?
6. Tell the story of Herbie Bellamy.
7. What do travellers coming from the East notice at Honolulu that those coming from the West would not notice?
8. What strange customs and beliefs did the Hawaiians have one hundred years ago?
9. Who were the first missionaries to Hawaii and when did they begin their work?
10. How long did it take Hawaii to become a Christian nation?





Surf Riders at Honolulu.

REVIEW.

JACK AND JANET'S PARTY.

When the twins reached home, they gave a party. All their friends, young and old, received an invitation something like this:

"You are invited to take a personally conducted trip around the world. The tour may be made comfortably with the service of the best guides, in an evening. Join the party at the Sunday School Room of the _____ Church at seven-thirty on Saturday, April tenth."

Everyone was curious to know more about the party, but Miss West and Mr. Cole were the only older people except Mr. and Mrs. Howard, who were in the secret. All day Saturday, mysterious preparations went on in the Sunday School Room. Boys and girls kept going in with bundles, and laughter was heard behind the closed doors.

When the guests arrived the place was transformed. Every corner of the large room and each small class room opening into it, was decorated to represent an eastern country. Oriental draperies, embroideries and flags were on the walls and curios, pictures and illustrated notebooks were spread out on tables. Boys in blue caps with Cook & Son in red letters acted as guides and conducted the travellers through the foreign lands. In each country boys and girls in costume sold refreshments for the benefit of foreign missions. In Egypt, veiled Moslem girls sat on the floor at low tabourets, serving tiny cups of Turkish coffee (sweet-

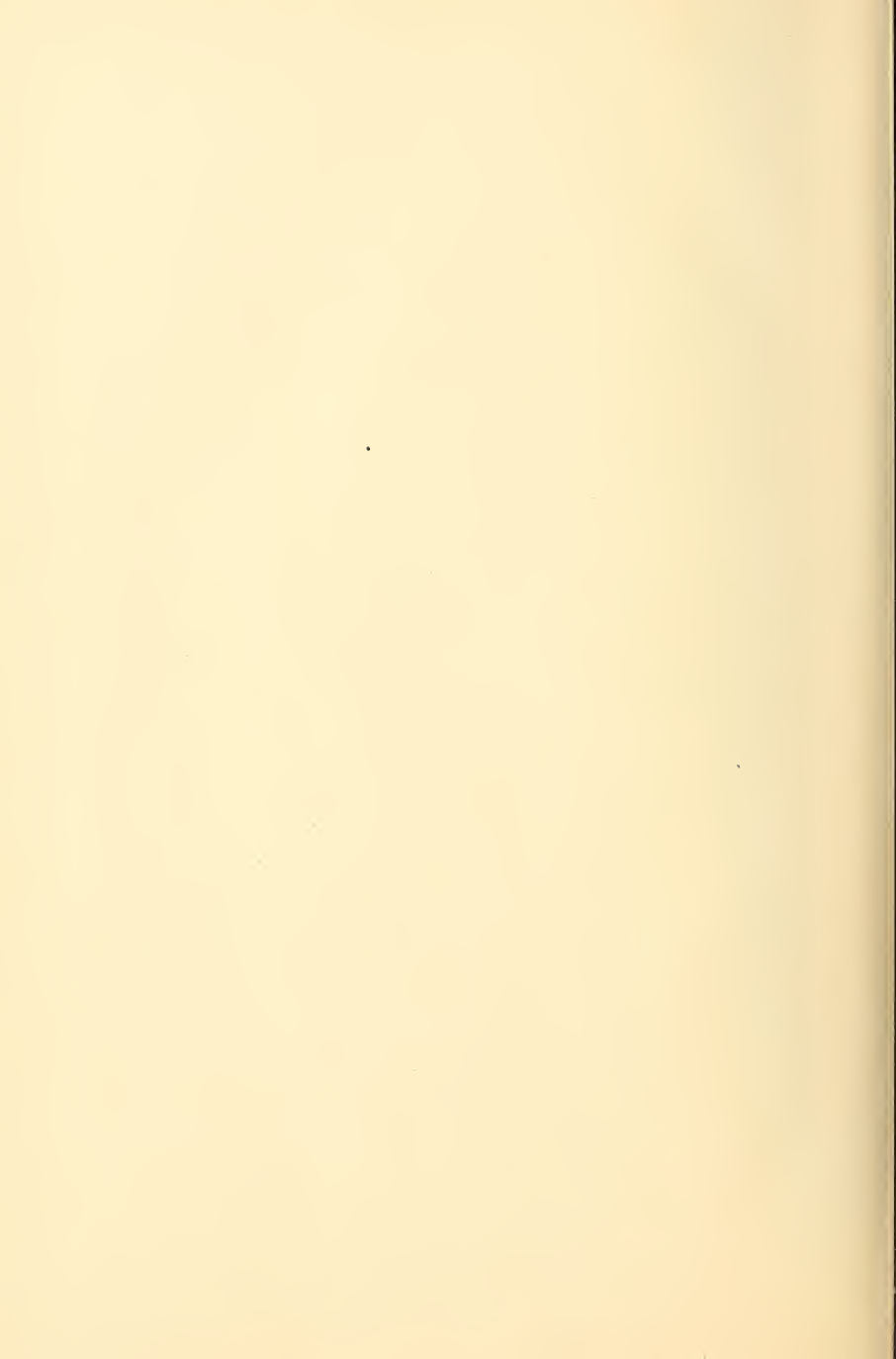
ened black coffee). Others sold dates, figs and Turkish delight (gelatine candy). In Ceylon, Tamil girls served cocoanut cakes. In India, Hindu maidens offered lime water or lemonade and little nosegays of marigolds and yellow and white daisies, arranged on brass trays. In Burma, boys and girls carrying large, round, basket-work trays of bananas and oranges on their heads were doing a thriving business. In Singapore, the point nearest the Equator, ice cream and fans were very acceptable. In China there was Canton ginger, in Korea there were chocolates supposed to have been made by Korean school girls, in Japan tea and wafers, and in Hawaii there was candied pineapple. Everyone had a good time and quite a little money was earned for missions.

Any mission band could give this party, adding to it a mite-box opening and prize distribution for the best notebooks, which should be on exhibition. The costumes are easily made, or they may be rented from some of the mission boards.



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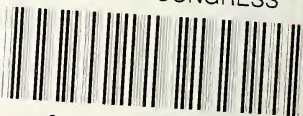
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